THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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Beginning

A Woman's Washington

By The Congressman's Wife

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Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W. C.

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Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.

VOLUME 175 — PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 17, 1903 — NUMBER 29

A Woman's Washington

THE BELGIAN MINISTER

COLONEL BINGHAM (IN UNIFORM)

THE ARGENTINE MINISTER AND HIS WIFE

By The Congressman's Wife

JUSTICE HARLAN

I AM MORE fully convinced every day of my life that we human beings have existed in some previous state and that the Slocums, Robert and I, far back in a primitive age must have been homing pigeons. I am led to this belief from the remarkable similarity of our rapid and unerring flight each year from Spruce City back to Washington, and furthermore, no one of the feathered tribe could feel more delight at the home stretch than I when I catch my first glimpse of the dome of the Capitol as we round the curves of the track this side of Bennings.

It is said that Jupiter laughed for seven days after he was born, and I have a fellow-feeling for him, for I have laughed for seven days after getting back here, and finally even Robert was sufficiently distracted from his concern over the Statehood bill and his plans for reforming the tariff to remark:

"Well, Agatha, in your beatitude you no doubt would echo the blessing which the Reverend Dick Harlan pronounced at the gala dinner given to his father the other night."

"Indeed I would," said I, not having an idea what that blessing was, although Robert, who had attended the dinner, had told of all the other brilliant sayings and doings.

"Usually," said Robert, "one is deadly afraid of the invocations and of the tendency to 'slop' over, but the Reverend Dick arose and said, 'For good health, good friends, good cheer, Good God, make us ever truly thankful,' and sat down."

"He should have had a medal. Didn't they applaud?" I asked, feeling that that blessing would have been my own.

"They wanted to, and Judge D—— said to me, 'It is evident that Justice Harlan did not keep all the brains in his family.'

"I tell you what, Agatha," Robert continued, "that dinner was a rattling occasion. I never heard such speeches in my life, beginning with the President's with his tribute to the South, and ending with Mr. Perry's speech for the Washington Bar. When Brewer spoke, for he is a wag, you know, he said: 'Harlan never goes to bed without having one hand on the Bible and the other on the Constitution,' and Judge D—— interpolated loud enough to be heard:

"'And with his golf sticks under his pillow.' You should have heard the laugh that went up from our end of the room."

"Well, Robert," I said impressively, feeling that my time had come to speak of what lay so near my heart, "a town that can bring together continually so many brilliant men and women is the town for the Slocums to live in permanently. I want to build a marble palace here, one something like Mrs. Scott T——'s famous French one, which everybody admires. You see, Robert," I hurried on, for I saw signs of stress on Robert's face, "I speak of this house because it is one of the great signs of progress in the town."

I pronounced progress as though it were spelled with a big P. Robert groaned out:

"What's the matter with the house we've got? I had been in hopes, Agatha, that when we turned our backs on our tanneries, and had a seat in the United States Senate, a French cook and a new diamond fender, that you would be contented for a year or two, but——"

Robert would persist in calling my new diamond tiara a fender because it was shaped something after the pattern of a nursery fender.

"But, Robert," I protested, "our befluted Schneider house has already filled its mission. If we are to keep up with the holiday procession in this greater Washington, and if we are to live up to the newly bedizened White House, with the trend of the Administration and the smart set generally, we must have a marble palace of our own. We must progress with the rest——"

"Bother," said Robert testily; "progress is a disease in America; if we don't find the germ and kill it, it will kill us. I wonder you don't say you want to copy the Patent Office and done with it——"

I knew in my innermost heart that Robert's own idea of a fine dwelling was the one General Corbin has just built and which looms up in the northwestern section of the town much as an ocean liner looms up on the crest of a wave. I knew, moreover, that, in reality, Robert is deadly afraid to build a home here, in spite of the successful example of Senators Hale and Foraker, for he is fully persuaded that his constituents might take it into their heads to cut off his Senatorial toga close under his chin, just as Senator Van Wyck's was cut off some years ago because he elected to live in a corner house in a swagger section of the town, instead of going to a boarding-house on Capitol Hill.

I am going to suggest to our old friend Senator P—— the advisability of introducing a bill in Congress for supplying each seat in both Houses with a dwelling, to be built upon the classic lines of an adobe hut. This would forever allay the suspicions of, and heartburning among, Congressmen, and would make a fitting companion picture to the rows of tombs once in the Congressional Cemetery, which I am told were designed for, and do actually contain, defunct statesmen.

The truth is, I have drunk more deeply than Robert has of the "drowsy syrup" which renders one captive in this city. Indeed, it is commonly understood to be a condition that befalls nearly every one who comes here. As an instance of this, the first person we met on getting back was Captain J——, who to a certainty, when Congress adjourned last June, had been ordered to sea. Yet here he was still a landlubber. I said in surprise:

"What are you doing here? I thought you had been ordered, like Dickens' little Joe, to 'move on.'"

"I *was* told to 'move on,'" he laughed, "but I made out a strong case to the Secretary and persuaded him that I was more earnestly needed at the Bureau of Navigation than at sea. The correct reading of the situation is, Mrs. Slocum, that we old sailors cannot bear to leave Washington. It is a veritable Fiddler's Green to us."

"Fiddler's Green," echoed I, "and what might Fiddler's Green be?"

"Oh, you just ask any old salt what Fiddler's Green is, and he'll know even if he cannot tell you its origin. It is the sailor's Elysium. A land of perpetual mirth, music, dancing and tobacco—a sort of land o' the leal."

This chimed in exactly with my own feeling, and I was glad to fall in with Captain J——, for man though he was he would be likely to have most of the news of the town at his tongue's end; for who, save a deaf mute, could belong to both the Metropolitan and the Army and Navy Clubs, to say nothing of the Navy Department, and not be, like old Samuel Pepys, a "prince of gossips"?

"What's the news?" queried I with eager interest.

He stroked his chin thoughtfully and said:

"Firstly, you know we have lost Wu?"

"Yes, I knew he had been recalled," I said regretfully.

"Before he went he gave some of us an impromptu dance at the Legation, with spirited illustrations of his recent visit to a medium, where Chinese spooks appeared to him and wrote him spook letters in Chinese, which he thought was the most wonderful of all the things that he had seen Americans do. I asked him if he really believed it?

"'Ah,' he said, looking wise and mysterious. 'The American goes ahead of the Chinese in some things, and we have an old proverb in my country that says, "One needs a long spoon to eat with the devil."'"

Robert and I were much amused at this thrust from the Orient. Captain J—— continued:

"And Mr. Merou, the Argentine Minister, was making a study of our voting methods at the polls over in Baltimore, election day, and summed it up thus:

"'Your system is much like the system in my country. Perhaps we use more of the pistol than you do, and have more slain at the end of the day than you have votes, but in the main it is much the same.'

"And the Belgian Minister, Baron Moncheur, has set quite a new fashion in pets. He has just purchased at the recent

SENATOR HALE

SENATOR FORAKER

cat show here a handsome yellow tiger cat, which his secretary has installed at the Legation, and which has caused the Persian Minister, Isaac Kahn, to tell his famous cat story of the cat of Kashan that nearly broke up his nation, and——" Captain J—— paused to think.

"Oh, yes, Director Roberts, of the Treasury Department, has scored a triumph. After months of search he has at length found the profile view of the President's face, and the usual Presidential medal of bronze is to be struck. This will complete the Presidential medals. They each sell for two dollars, save John Adams', which goes at one fifty——"

As he stopped I spurred him on.

"But the White House, what's been going on over there?"

"Nothing but its almost total destruction," he said tersely, "and the efforts of officials who have the work in hand to hatch that handsome, dubious egg which George Eliot calls 'Possibility.' Been over there yet, Mrs. Slocum?"

"Yes, and I saw all of Aladdin's wonders, even Aladdin's palace windows. You know, of course, about Aladdin's windows?" I asked, raising my eyebrows.

"Yes," responded the Captain. "They were set around with diamonds, weren't they? Did you see the Red Room?" he asked.

I nodded.

"Well?" There was challenge in this interrogative.

"Well," I echoed, trying to think of a comparison. "That room seemed to me to be a regular conflagration in still life. I could think of nothing but our prairie land out West when it is all on fire. It is a room that would bring joy to an Apache Chief, and with all those red velvet walls and that red leather furniture will surely make every woman who enters it wonder if she is not, after all, a descendant of poor Lo!"

"And for the rest?" the Captain went on.

"Oh, for the rest," said I seriously, "I could only take comfort by remembering that 'It is to live twice when one can enjoy the recollections of former things.'"

"I think," said the Captain with the first tone of approval he had shown, "that the State dining-room as it now is is a fine room, with its old English oak paneling, its tapestries, and——"

"And," said I interrupting, "I verily believe that whoever put those tapestries there knew that the President's guests would spend most of their time trying to decipher the four-line texts in old English. I could not make out one syllable, and I am going to ask Colonel Bingham if he had them hung there designedly. But," said I, "honestly, it was something of a shock to me, this new White House. There is not a familiar object, nor a familiar outline left. There are now bare open spaces where once were solid walls, and doors and windows that are surprises. It is all new varnish, gilding and buff frescoing. I sighed for the old Tiffany screens and for the old tubs of palms that used to stand like sentinels in the corridor, and I could have embraced the Milton shield if I could have found it anywhere——"

"Pshaw," broke in Robert, "all the changes in the mansion are nothing to the misfits over in the new executive offices. I've been over there and already sampled the sitting qualities of the furniture in the reception-room, and it isn't a patch on that old sofa with the sunken springs that used to be up in the corridor, you remember, Captain?"

The Captain nodded appreciatively.

"And, by George," continued Robert with gusto, "there are so many entrances and exits that a chap doesn't know where he came in nor where he is going out, and the surprise is continual of finding one's self suddenly out in the cold world, for every door seems to open outward. I'll be hanged if I see how the newspaper men are going to get along this winter. They won't have any way of knowing who comes or goes, and they won't be sure even that the President is there half the time. I asked Dave B——, of the Firmament, how they meant to manage.

"'Dogged if I know,' he said with a weary smile, 'unless we play a sort of game of ring-around-the-rosy about the entire building whenever any big job is on, and even then, ten to one we'll miss our man.'

"Oh, it will be a grand old game of hide-and-seek this session," laughed Robert, who has no particular ax to grind, and nothing this winter on hand but his usual solicitude for the Constitution and his desire to tinker the tariff, and therefore could afford to laugh at the newspaper fraternity.

"Poor Bingham has had his hands full," said Captain J—— commiseratingly. "He hasn't had a minute's peace since all this building and remodeling began, and all this fall every time he has tried to settle down to work comfortably a telephone message would go vibrating all over town:

"'We can't find the eight long mirrors that belong in the East Room. Ask Colonel Bingham if he knows where they are.'

"Or, 'Does anybody know where the malachite clock is?' Or, 'We've mislaid the vases sent by the Mikado of Japan during President Arthur's administration; please ask Colonel Bingham where they were stored.'"

"And did they find all these things?" I asked with the instinct of the housekeeper.

Captain J—— shrugged his shoulders and said:

"Presumably! I have an idea, however, that some of those things will remain mislaid forever more. I know for a certainty that some of the old stuff has gone to the junk shops. One interesting thing turned up when the workmen were knocking out the wall of the old State dining-room: they came upon partly charred blocks of wood, to which door jambs had once been nailed. These charred blocks told the tale of the burning of the White House by the British in our War of 1812."

"I wonder," said I speculatively, "whether all the old portraits of the past Presidents are among the things that have gone to the junk shops?"

"Oh, no," the Captain began to laugh, then went on with his narrative of relics.

"The other day when I was passing the Corcoran Gallery of Art, Mr. M——, the artist, who is a great lover of a joke, beckoned me to come into the gallery. He asked me if I'd ever seen their Chamber of Horrors. Of course I had not nor ever heard of any outside Madame Tussaud's and the Eden Musée, but I went in. Mr. M—— noiselessly and mysteriously unlocked one of the rooms downstairs and I tiptoed in, for I fully expected something creepy, but lo! there in a long line on the floor, minus their frames, were all the dead and gone Presidents that had been sent over from the White House to the Corcoran Gallery for safe-keeping during the summer. Of course, I had to laugh when I appreciated the situation. There was that awful old portrait of George Washington with his feet drawn together in a regular one, two, three dancing-school attitude, and his mouth drawn up as though he were just about to whistle. And the one of Abraham Lincoln, the worst of the whole bunch, where he is represented grasping a chair, as though he would topple over if he did not hang on. The only really good portrait among them is the one of Martin Van Buren, by Healey——"

"But," I interrupted, "you are forgetting the one of General Washington by Gilbert Stuart."

"True, Mrs. Slocum, but did you never know that that particular portrait is only a copy of the original one done by Stuart? This one was painted from the original by Stuart's daughter Jane. Gilbert Stuart made only two portraits from life of Washington. One of these two was sent to England and the other was sent to the Boston Athenæum. I don't know whether it is still there or not. There are thirty-five copies of the famous original portrait, and all of them were done by Jane Stuart, though none of their possessors to-day can be persuaded of that fact."

This was news to me, and I recalled the many times I had been shown genuine Gilbert Stuart portraits of Washington. I asked:

"What are they going to do with these old portraits from the Chamber of Horrors?"

"Mrs. Roosevelt is going to have them hung somewhere in the White House; but it will be a case of 'though lost to sight, to memory dear.'"

"But surely," said I, "some voter will come and will resent their position."

"Oh, no, for Mrs. Roosevelt will diplomatically hang her own new portrait by Chartran among them, and the voter will be disarmed and——"

"Ah," said Robert, "a carrying out of the idea that criticism was meant originally as a standard of doing well?"

"Exactly," said the Captain, and he continued, "as for the picture of Watts' Love and Life, about which there is such a howl, I think the President is right to order it back to the White House, though the Director of the Corcoran Gallery is heart-broken at losing it. He said to me prophetically:

"'Just wait till these women begin to clamor around the President's ears and to make his life a burden, then perhaps we'll have it back again. Oh, I shall live in hopes of seeing Love and Life back here again.'"

"If the women should really bother the President about this picture," said Robert, "he might let it be known on the quiet that if they come around the White House in delegations, armed with petitions, he has prepared himself by taking a course of 'Jim Jitsu,' the Japanese method of self-defense, in which they say he is an adept."

"What is that?" I asked.

"Oh," broke in the Captain, "it is only a gentle way they have in Japan of taking a person by the coat collar and throwing him over one's head."

Mistaking the Person

By WILLIAM MATHEWS

ONE of the most common and yet one of the most dangerous practices in social intercourse is that of speaking publicly in censorious terms to a stranger of a person whom one has never seen. What can be more awkward or trying than, after you have been denouncing or ridiculing some public man or private citizen—racking the vocabulary, perhaps, for invective or satirical epithets—to learn accidentally, either on the spot or afterward, that the victim of your obloquy or sarcasm is the very person you have been addressing? In such a situation has many a careless talker, to his inexpressible confusion and mortification, found himself, who has never learned or acted upon the sage advice of a modern bard:

If your lips you'd save from slips,
Five things observe with care:
Of whom you speak, to whom you speak,
And how, and when, and where.

An amusing story used to be told of Benjamin Kennicott, D. D., a learned canon of Christ Church, Oxford, who died in that city in 1783. In 1776 he published a Hebrew Bible, in the preparation of which he, with able assistants, collated sixteen Samaritan and over six hundred Hebrew manuscripts. Soon after he began his labors he was traveling one day to Oxford in public stage-coach, when the conversation of the other passengers chanced to turn upon his critical labors. "What success are they likely to have?" asked one. "Not much," replied a second; "what can you expect from the son of a cobbler?" "I beg your pardon," said Kennicott, to the no small astonishment and confusion of his critic, who had never seen him before; "my father was always reckoned a good shoemaker, and never *cobbled* his work." This incident reminds us of Dr. William Carey, the celebrated Orientalist and missionary to India, Professor of the Sanscrit, Bengalee and Mahratta languages in the College of Fort William. Dining with the British Governor one day he overheard an officer at the table ask in a low tone if Mr. Carey did not begin life as a shoemaker. "No, sir," quietly observed the latter; "I began as a cobbler."

A barrister once extolled Edmund Kean to his face, saying many things which tickled the ears of the great actor, especially the praises of his comic personations. When the

barrister spoke of his circuit, Kean asked: "Pray, were you ever at the theatre in Exeter?" "Yes," was the reply, "and I saw there an ugly, croaking little wretch of an actor, playing the very part in which you so much excel." "That actor, sir," said Kean, "was your humble servant." Here was a most awkward situation; but with the presence of mind, readiness and adroitness of a veteran practitioner, the barrister extricated himself by exclaiming: "Is it possible, sir, that you should have improved so much, in every particular, in so short a time?" Reynolds, the dramatist, tells that once when he was witnessing the performance of his own tragedy, "Werter," in the theatre, a gentleman in the adjoining seat turned to him and said: "Did you ever hear such wretched stuff? If you will help to hiss and damn the play you shall have my hearty support."

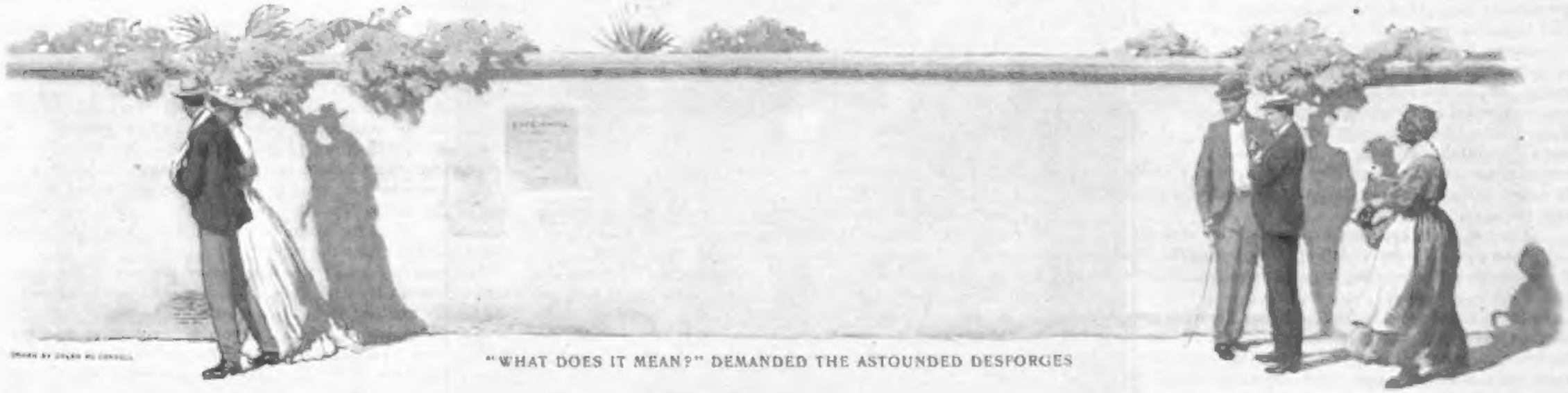
Charles Dickens tells of an amusing incident in his experience, which shows how dangerous it is to affect a knowledge of famous persons when they are alive to contradict you. He rode in a railway train with a clergyman, who discoursed a long time to his fellow-passengers upon the novelist's weaknesses and failings. "Dickens is an atheist, sir, as I happen to know. He is a gambler also, and, I regret to say, drinks." "Dear me, how sad," said the person thus traduced. "Have you ever *seen* him drunk?" "Well, not exactly drunk; but certainly overtaken by liquor." "Have you ever seen him sober?" "Well, that is too much to say—Oh, yes; I have seen him sober." "Often?" "Yes, often." "No, sir, only once," responded the novelist. "You see him now for the first time."

Many persons who are familiar with Washington as it was fifty years ago will remember the National Hotel in that city when it was under the management of Mr. Guy, who had also a hotel in Baltimore. Guy resembled in physiognomy and general appearance Lewis Cass. General Cass was one of Guy's guests. The landlord not only looked singularly like General Cass, including his wart, but dressed like him. One day a Western gentleman, who was a patron of the National, entered the hotel and stepping into the office encountered General Cass quietly standing there. Mistaking the Senator for Guy, he slapped him on the shoulder and exclaimed: "Well, old fellow, here I am. The last time I hung up my hat in your shanty one of your clerks sent me up to the fourth story; but now I insist on a lower room."

Astonished at this startling salute, the General, who was a very dignified personage, coldly replied: "You have committed a mistake, sir. I am not Mr. Guy; I am General Cass, of Michigan." Thereupon he turned angrily away. Of course the Western man was shocked at his unconscious rudeness; but, before he had recovered from his mortification at the blunder, his victim, who had passed around the office, confronted him again, when, again mistaking him for Guy, the Westerner faced him and said: "Well, here you are, at last! I have just made a terrible mistake! Will you believe it?—I met old Cass, and mistook him for you, and I am afraid the Michigander has gone off mad." What General Cass would have replied to this second assault is not easily imagined; but, fortunately for the offender, the real Guy now approached and rescued him from any wrathful explosion of the twice-angered statesman.

A severe reproof was once administered to an Englishman by a Dutchman whom, on account of his facility in speaking English without the slightest foreign accent, the former had mistaken for a countryman of his. Asked what he thought of Holland, the Englishman replied: "I felt, on quitting it, very much like exclaiming with Voltaire: '*Adieu, canaux, canards, canaille!*'" "Do you know another sarcastic saying of Voltaire about the English?" retorted the Dutchman. "He says, 'Les Anglais ont toute la dureté de leur acier, *sans le poli*.'"

AT L'APPEL DU MATIN



"WHAT DOES IT MEAN?" DEMANDED THE ASTOUNDED DESFORGES

By M. E. M. Davis

A STORY OF OLD NEW ORLEANS IN WHICH EVERY ONE WAS BLIND BUT LOVE

THERE were, it is true, other young ladies of the French Quarter who had been honored with a request from Père Moriguet to *faire la quête* at the Cathedral St. Louis that Sunday morning after mass. But public interest was unquestionably focused upon Mademoiselle Alixe Colombe. For this there were several reasons: Mademoiselle Colombe was high-born, she was young, she was rich—though this indeed counted for little among the spectators—she was charming—which counted for much, and she was beautiful. Notwithstanding all these, the chief reasons were, and had been from the very first—Felix Chavannes and Allard De Gruy.

A group of young men gathered without the entrance to the church discussed the situation in subdued but animated tones.

"She will choose Felix," declared Desforges with conviction; "that sees itself as plainly as the spire on the cathedral, or General Jackson yonder on his war-horse."

"Nonsense!" cried Le Beau. "Let Felix go drown himself in the Mississippi! He has about as much chance as Bergeron here has of squeezing through the gates of Paradise!"

"I wish I were as sure of a welcome from St. Peter as I am of Chavannes' success," retorted Bergeron.

"Aha? Then, what will you bet?" demanded Raynal, whipping notebook and pencil out of his pocket.

A hushed babel of intermingling exclamations stirred the air. "A supper at Antoine's against ——"

"Done!"

"A stall at the French Opera for next season."

"Taken!"

"A box of bonbons for Mademoiselle Alixe."

"A breakfast at Lake Ponchartrain."

"A *fête champêtre* at the Jockey Club in honor of Mademoiselle Colombe."

"Two to one on Allard!"

"Odds in favor of Felix!"

The disputants laughed, gesticulated, and even swore a little, good-naturedly, under breaths. Suddenly a bell tinkled within the church—a clear, small, insistent sound that clove the confusion like a simitar. Instantly all heads were bared and a respectful silence fell upon the wranglers.

The morning was at its prime; the towering spires and the gray old façade of the Cathedral St. Louis were bathed in the golden sunshine of early April; the great Pontalba buildings flanking the Place d'Armes flamed crimson against a turquoise sky; the low roofs of the French Market beyond shimmered silver-green in the dazzling light; the Square itself was a mass of glowing color—hollyhocks, bluets and poppies abloom in the prim beds, roses trellising the borders, children in gay frocks and nurses in multi-colored tignons dotting the white-shelled walks; in the midst of all, General Jackson erect on his bronze steed fringed about with Russian violets.

The church, inside, crowded with worshipers, was in accord with this scheme of light and color; the sunlight pouring through the tall stained-glass windows interlaced the dusky aisles with streamers and gonfalons of red, purple and blue; the chancel was starred with myriads of lighted candles and bright with the kaleidoscopic movements of bishop, priest and altar-boy in gorgeous vestments; all this seemed to blend with the stately fresco in the wall above—a part and parcel of the magnificent Court of St. Louis the Crusader.

The congregation, too familiar with all these details to note them even with careless eyes, craned eager heads forward at the close of the sermon. The fateful moment had arrived!

For several months the *beau monde* of the French Quarter had been assisting at what might be called a joust-at-arms between Felix Chavannes and Allard De Gruy. The combatants so far had been equally matched. If the one sat in the opera-box of Mademoiselle Colombe last night, the other assuredly would thread with her to-night the mazes of a mid-winter cotillon; if the white roses of Monsieur Chavannes filled at a Tuesday soirée her whiter arms, the red roses of Monsieur De Gruy at a Wednesday matinée musicale smiled up from her lap at her redder lips; if she cut daintily the leaves of a volume of poems sent in this forenoon by Allard, this afternoon with the same inscrutable smile she untied the ribbons from about Felix's box of marrons glacées. The wagers offered and taken but now at the church door were not the first by many which had been freely exchanged among the friends of these popular *beaux garçons*. The Quarter was aquiver with interest; the slightest uplift of Mademoiselle Colombe's silken eyelashes had become a matter of speculation; De Gruy's cravats, the swish of Chavannes' cane were subjects of vital importance! Now, the feeling was general that the truncheon was at last to fall, the tourney to end, the victor to receive his prize.

A pretty custom has prevailed from time immemorial at the Cathedral St. Louis. Two or more young women—demoiselles of high degree—are designated or appointed by the good curé in charge to pass about among the congregation after the sermon on certain Sundays in the year and *faire la quête*—in plain English, take up the collection—for the poor of the parish. Each fair alms-gatherer is allowed the privilege of inviting as her escort on this pious round some young man of her acquaintance—a selection always fraught with import. On this occasion it was charged with solemn meaning; the unspoken understanding, even on the part of the aforesaid jousters themselves, being that the choice of Mademoiselle Colombe would be at least a presage of the wedding-bell. The defeated knight was tacitly pledged to withdraw definitely from the arena.

His sermon ended, the white-robed Dominican father descended the winding stair of the pulpit. There was a second of breathless suspense; then, from somewhere in the neighborhood of the sacristy, the Suisse stepped into view.

The Suisse at the Cathedral St. Louis is a perennial joy to the parish. The tall, soldierly figure in the scarlet uniform of the Papal Guard—cocked hat, silver-laced coat, belt and sword—seems at each appearance to have stepped out of some lost page of history or romance. The fierce twist of the old man's gray mustachios, his eyes ambushed behind grizzly overhanging brows, keen to discover and annihilate unwary urchins, his majestic stride, the metallic ring of his tall staff tap-tapping the pavement—these never fail to send through even the dullest a thrill of emotion. The wonted murmur of admiration greeted him. Looking neither to right nor left, he paced forward a few steps, then stopped and waited, rigidly expectant, upon that lettered slab, beneath which repose the mortal remains of Don Andres Almonester y Roxas, founder of the Cathedral St. Louis.

Behind him, near the altar of St. Francis, stood shoulder to shoulder Felix Chavannes and Allard De Gruy. These men were singularly handsome—both of the accepted Creole type, slim, dark and wiry, with dark eyes and mobile features. But a keen observer would have detected a subtle difference in their quality; there were sensual lines about the mouth of Chavannes, the older by several years of the two, and signs of dissipation in the uncertain, fatigued eyes, which were entirely absent from the open countenance and the frank eyes of his avowed rival. Both on this occasion were outwardly calm, dilating nostrils and uneven breathing alone betraying inward agitation. But a sudden involuntary tremor stirred both when Mademoiselle Colombe stepped out of her family pew, preceded by her two companion-mendicants. These latter flushed rosily under the momentary glance of hundreds of eyes; from rose they went to scarlet as they made their predetermined selection of attendant cavaliers from the front row seats. Alixe was pale, her eyes were downcast, her lips compressed; the dusky hair falling low on her white forehead shaded a slight frown. She carried in her two hands a shallow silver bowl; as she advanced composedly her white sleeve brushed De Gruy's elbow; she made an almost

imperceptible pause, and lifting her eyelids shot him an enigmatical glance which in the space of a single second raised him to rapture and reduced him to despair. Then she turned with a graceful gesture to his companion. "Will Monsieur Chavannes," she demanded in a low, clear voice, "do me the honor to accompany me on my *tour de charité?*"

An audible murmur passed from the fortunate occupants of the front pews to those less happily situated, conveying the news of Mademoiselle Colombe's choice. De Gruy, with a courteous inclination of the head, moved back—his face as white and as impassive as marble; Chavannes, literally treading on air, stepped forward and took his place beside the *quêteuse principale;* the Suisse sounded a double tap with his staff upon the tesselated floor and strode off at the head of the small procession. For the space of fifteen minutes, or thereabouts, no sound was heard throughout the great chapel save the droning of the organ in the loft, the sonorous tap-tap of the official rod, and the clink of coins rattling into the silver bowls of the alms-gatherers. At the turn beyond the middle aisle near the railed baptismal font Desforges and his friends stood waiting. The name of the victor in the famous contest had already reached them, and more than one among them had begun to figure out the cost of the victory to himself. But even these joined in the involuntary burst of admiration which greeted the approach of the well-matched couple. A color had flamed into Alixe's face; her dark eyes were like luminous wells of light; her white garments enveloped her like a mist, a smile parted her lips. Desforges and Raynal quarreled in a whisper over this smile.

"WILL MONSIEUR CHAVANNES DO ME THE HONOR?"

"It is a smile of supernal happiness," insisted the one.

"It is a smile of infernal triumph," growled the other. And though both confessed that the question admitted of no solution a bet was instantly recorded.

As for Felix, he was radiant; he saw his boon companions as it were through the golden round of a wedding ring; his face wore a proud air of possession. The pair were so harmoniously handsome that even the grim face of the Suisse relaxed—though that may have been at hearing behind him the tinkle of the silver shower which rained continuously into Mademoiselle's bowl!

Monsieur Chavannes handed the *quêteuse principale* into her carriage; she lingered for a moment listening to the congratulations of the gallants crowded about the carriage-door; she was waxen pale again and her beautiful eyes showed signs of fatigue.

"You have achieved a triumph, Mademoiselle," declared De Gruy, bowing gravely; "the poor of the parish will pray for you—or dance at your wedding."

She avoided his eye. "Both, I trust, Monsieur," she replied gayly.

"Would that you could be induced to *faire la quête* for me!" exclaimed Le Beau in a plaintive voice. "For if by chance I should decide to pay my debts——"

"Which you are bound to do, you know," interrupted Desforges, giving him a significant dig in the ribs. "A stall at the French Opera costs—let—me—see——"

"Then I shall have to put on the green bonnet," concluded Le Beau mournfully.

"As for this lucky Felix, *ma cousine*—" began Raynal with a mock indignation in which mingled a tinge of real feeling. The red flamed once more to her cheek—"he shall give us our revenge for so outdistancing us all!"

"Do not make him pay too dearly for a doubtful honor, I beseech you," she laughed as the carriage rolled away.

"The very least that you can do at the present moment, Felix, my boy," cried Desforges, seizing the fortunate knight by the arm, "is to come over to L'Appel du Matin and treat us all to coffee."

"Coffee!" echoed Le Beau; "he ought to treat the world in general to nectar and ambrosia, and ourselves in particular to champagne!"

"Make yourself easy, Le Beau," Bergeron hastened to remark. "The champagne will flow like the Gulf Stream at the supper you owe me!"

Le Beau made a wry face as he linked his arm in that of the speaker, and they all moved across the Square in the direction of the French Market. De Gruy and Chavannes found themselves by accident bringing up the rear, side by side. The former, though sore at heart, said, with a friendly touch on his companion's shoulder, "*Eh bien*, Felix; accept my congratulations. To be the choice of Mademoiselle Colombe—even for a *tour de charité*——"

"Two to one that this same *tour de charité* ends in a wedding tour. Who takes me?" The incorrigible Desforges, catching the end of Allard's phrase, had stopped short and produced his betting-book.

Chavannes smiled fatuously; what mortal man, indeed, would not have smiled at the vision thus conjured up! But the blood rushed to De Gruy's cheeks. "Monsieur Chavannes will certainly not permit Mademoiselle Colombe to be made the subject of such a wager," he said. Desforges colored, and making a gesture of apology, slipped the book back into his pocket.

"It is a prize worth striving for," interposed Le Beau amicably. "And truly," he added with a touch of malice, "Felix has striven—hard."

"Oh, as to that," said Chavannes, nettled, "woman, if you only knew it, my friend, is alike the world over. Foolish is the man who strives"—his tone became contemptuous—"for there comes a moment when of her own accord the woman—any woman—drops like a ripe peach into his outstretched hand."

A murmur of incredulous astonishment ran through the group.

"Are you speaking of Mademoiselle Colombe, Monsieur?" demanded De Gruy hotly.

"Mademoiselle Colombe is a woman like any other. As you will, Monsieur," returned Chavannes flippantly.

"Then you are a liar, a scoundrel and a coward," cried De Gruy, advancing upon him. Interposing hands drew them apart. "Are you mad, that you drag her name into an open quarrel!" whispered Raynal in the younger man's ear.

"The name of womanhood itself——"

"*Chut!*"

The excitement subsided before the promenaders thronging the Place knew that anything unusual had taken place among the elegant idlers drifting through their midst.

"Monsieur De Gruy," said Felix blandly, "I trust you will honor me by taking a cup of coffee with me at L'Appel du Matin."

"Willingly, Monsieur Chavannes." Allard's tone was equally bland. "The coffee at L'Appel du Matin I hear is excellent."

And without further reference to the scene—which had taken place near the tall iron gates guarding the Square on Rue Ste. Anne—the young men strolled on, the late antagonists walking as before, side by side.

A moment later they turned into one of the low sheds of the French Market. Making their way between the fruit-stands glowing with an equatorial warmth of color, and the fringe of vegetable stalls beyond, garlanded with garlic, they presently came to the open flagged space where half a score of stolid Chacta women squat above their baskets of *filé* and their bundles of sassafras. Here they paused to scatter a handful of coins which the brown fingers of an Indian baby closed greedily over while with small beadlike eyes he gazed impassively at the givers.

"*Ma foi!*" cried Le Beau; "what an anti-climax! After Mademoiselle Alixe and her bowl——"

"And her eyes!" interrupted Bergeron.

"The grimy fist of a naked Chacta brat! Put up your book, Desforges. It is all one to me whether the money goes for beads or for fire-water."

A few steps brought them to the famous coffee-stall known as L'Appel du Matin. The reverse of the signboard bearing this legend (in blue and gold) explains to possible English-speaking guests its meaning: The Morning Call. But no translation is needed for the comprehension of the amber-hued liquid which has been served by generations of Vauthiers, fathers and sons, to customers of all nations and all creeds. Thackeray himself, who came to the Old Town by the River "in the springtime, just when the orchards were flushing over with peach-blossoms and the sweet herbs came to flavor the juleps," sat, it is whispered, upon one of the high wooden stools at The Morning Call and sipped his cup (the flaky crumbs of the Vauthier cake lodging in the creases of his ample waistcoat), the while he viewed with kindly spectacled eyes the scene about him and emitted from genial lips the axiom that this was "the city of all the world where you could eat the most and suffer the least." Jenny Lind, moreover, and Lafayette, and Henry Clay—the tale is almost endless!

Chavannes invited his guests with a wave of the hand to be seated. A breeze swept in from the river hard by, bringing confused sounds from the levee; the air was heavy with the smell of pineapples, mangoes, and all manner of tropical fruits. A faint familiar perfume mingled with it from the blossoms adorning the stall.

Allard had fallen into a revery; he saw as in a vision a slim white hand uplifted to pluck a cluster of red roses; the sleeve fallen away to the elbow left bare the dainty wrist; once more, as last night in the moonlit old courtyard of the Colombe mansion, a moment of delirium seized him; he caught in his the slim white hand, he felt for a single instant the fluttering pulse of the wrist under his lips; and he stood again terrified but rapturous, watching the flying white-clad figure disappear up the winding stair.

A nudge from Raynal's elbow aroused him. Chavannes was speaking in a slow, deliberate voice. "I have twice reminded Monsieur De Gruy that he does not empty his cup. True, the coffee Vauthier is detestable."

Allard picked up the heavy cup before him and blew off the foam which whitened the dark surface of the beverage within. He touched the thick rim with his lips. "I am usually in accord with Monsieur Chavannes," he said, setting down the cup. "On this occasion, however, I beg leave to differ with him. I find the coffee Vauthier—and the company"—he bowed airily around—"admirable."

"I repeat, sir," interrupted Chavannes without a trace of emotion in his tone, "that the coffee of L'Appel du Matin is detestable."

"And I maintain," returned De Gruy, tapping with his teaspoon on the marble, "that the coffee of The Morning Call is the best that is made—ab—so—lute—ly."

"Then, allow me to offer you another sip," said Chavannes coolly. As he spoke he dashed the contents of his own cup at his rival.

"Thanks, Monsieur." De Gruy wiped the liquid from his shirt-front and rose to his feet. "I am in debt to you for the sip," he continued. "Mr. Raynal here is my banker; he will settle with yours the terms of payment."

"*Ma foi!*" muttered old Vauthier, passing a wet cloth over the discolored marble and watching his late customers stroll lazily away; "they are a hot-blooded lot—like their fathers and grandfathers before them." He shook his white poll. "But, I wonder me, what devil of a shrimp kicked in that cup! The coffee Vauthier indeed! As if zpp! *mes beaux garçons!* As if the brain Vauthier did not know that there was a woman under the cape!"

Underneath a giant live-oak toward the rear of the quiet, bird-haunted City Park stands—fast crumbling to ruin—the old family tomb of the Allard family. The flower-bordered aisles, the grassy slopes and the magnificent trees that surround it, once formed a part of the fine old Allard plantation. Later, the place, abandoned, gloomy and weed-grown, became known as The Oaks, the famous dueling-ground of the old régime. The sod now flaunting the scarlet of petunias, and the crimson of geranium and verbena, has in its day and time been watered with the reddest blood of the *vieux carré*. It is a lonely-looking spot still; the mouldy bricks lie scattered about the yawning mouth of the tomb, whence, long before any living Allard can remember, the bones of his forebears were removed to a more fitting resting-place; the path leading off with a bit of moss-hung wood is bordered with unmolested wild-flowers; a ribbon of golden brown and purple fleurs-de-lis marks in springtime the winding turns of the hollow hard by.

In the misty gray of early dawn on the morning after the *quête* at the Cathedral St. Louis and the cup of coffee at The Morning Call, Allard De Gruy crossed the dewy sward and paused beside the old tomb of his family.

He was accompanied by Raynal and Le Beau and a boyish-looking surgeon with a leather case under his arm. He stooped and gazed into the open, cob-webbed vault, the funereal moss from an overhanging limb of the oak brushing his bared head. "If I——" he began whimsically, still peering into the gloom.

"But you won't, you know!" cried Raynal, taking the word out of his mouth. "Chavannes is a fine shot, but his hand is not so steady as it was. Here they are."

Chavannes, followed by Desforges and Bergeron, came hurrying in his turn across the dewy turf.

An ineffectual attempt was made by the seconds to adjust the quarrel; the preliminaries were quickly arranged; Le Beau and Desforges scribbled furtively in their betting-books; the principals drew off their coats and tossed them on the old tomb; the ground was paced off and they took their places.

—BOTH OF THE ACCEPTED CREOLE TYPE

The afternoon of the same day Raynal strolled into his cousin's boudoir. She was sitting by an open window with a trayful of rose petals, mingled red and white, on her knee. She looked up as he entered, and returned his significant glance with a saucy smile.

"Still wearing both colors?" he said. "I thought your War of the Roses had ended!"

She lifted the leaves intended for the rose-jar with her white fingers, still smiling at him, but made no reply.

"Why did you do it, Alixe?" he asked seriously.

"Do what?" Mademoiselle Colombe's eyebrows were elevated in innocent curiosity.

"Why did you choose Felix Chavannes yesterday for the *quête?*"

"Impertinent! And why should I *not* have chosen Monsieur Chavannes?"

"Poor Allard!"

"Poor Allard, indeed!" Alixe's tone took on sudden indignant energy. "Monsieur De Gruy does not strike me as a subject for pity. His presumption is unpardonable."

Raynal wondered at her, being unaware of the vision which swam before her eyes—of a man and a maid in a moonlit court—of his swift, impassioned, unwarranted grasp of her hand—of the warm pressure of his lips on her wrist——

"Poor Allard!" he repeated with an insistence which startled her into inquiring with impatience what he meant.

He watched her narrowly. "Chavannes and De Gruy fought a duel this morning at daylight," he announced abruptly.

She trembled from head to foot. "Was—was Monsieur Chavannes hurt?" she faltered.

Raynal turned angrily on his heel. "No, coquette!" he shouted from the doorway. "But Allard has paid with a shot in his arm for his quixotic defense of—the coffee Vauthier."

"Oh, is that all!" Her fingers were again busy with the rose-leaves. "Come, tell me about it." And having with feminine adroitness coaxed the alleged reasons for the quarrel out of her cousin, and listened without a shudder to his graphic account of the duel itself, she leaned back and remarked nonchalantly: "Do you know, *mon cousin*, I find your friend Monsieur De Gruy as inept as he is presumptuous. I have myself tasted the coffee Vauthier. I found it atrocious."

"You are utterly heartless, Alixe," exclaimed Raynal, manlike noticing the smile and not the grayish pallor that had crept into her face.

A fortnight later, on a Sunday morning, Allard De Gruy found himself, in company with Raynal and Le Beau, once more seated on one of the high wooden stools at The Morning Call. His arm was still in a sling, and he was a trifle thinner than usual, but otherwise he showed no trace of the inexplicable accident which had been the talk of the town. As on a former occasion, he had fallen into a revery—induced doubtless by the faint familiar perfume of the roses at his elbow. His foam-capped cup remained untasted before him. He had lost her forever—*that* he had realized at the moment she had made her choice for the *quête*. He acknowledged himself vanquished, but for the life of him he could not help going back again and again with bitter-sweet rapture to that never-to-be-forgotten night, when——

This time it was a silvery voice which aroused him. "Good-morning, messieurs." He sprang to his feet and faced about.

Mademoiselle Colombe had approached unawares. She had, it appeared, taken it into her pretty head to "make the marketing" as the phrase goes in Frenchtown; the waddling negress at her heels carried a heaped-up basket.

At the same moment, by one of those strange chances which are utterly incomprehensible, Felix Chavannes, with his two cronies, had come up from the opposite side and paused, with a formal greeting to his late adversary. He placed himself near the young girl with an air of ownership, which Allard could not but admit was justifiable, but which, in the light of Chavannes' estimate of woman, was intolerable to himself. He returned her quick glance with a smile and stood aside.

Neither had seen her since the memorable *quête;* she had been, it was understood, making her annual retreat at the Convent du Sacré Cœur. She was more radiant than ever.

"Am I asked to have a cup of coffee?" she demanded gayly. "Thanks, messieurs." Amid a chorus of delighted exclamations she fluttered to the stool just vacated by De Gruy. Old Vauthier, well-nigh dazed by such an apparition, made haste to set before her a freshly filled cup, and under the admiring gaze of half a dozen pairs of eyes she carried it to her lips.

"I find the coffee Vauthier the best that is made—ab—so—lute—ly," she remarked carelessly, putting the cup into the saucer and tapping the marble with her spoon.

Was this intentional? Or but a chance shot? Even Raynal was puzzled. Her lovely eyes were bent on Chavannes with an expression so charmingly innocent that involuntarily he put out his arm, as if to claim his bride then and there: his face glowed with unconcealed triumph.

There was a moment of rather embarrassed silence. "I smell orange-blossoms," observed Le Beau with pretended irrelevance.

"Impossible," said Bergeron in a matter-of-fact tone. "The orange trees ceased blooming a month ago, and more."

"Nevertheless there are a few belated flowers on the tree in the cathedral garden," said Desforges. "I saw them as I came along. Perhaps," he added with a meaning glance at Chavannes, "if Mademoiselle Colombe has immediate need of orange-blossoms, the old Suisse might be persuaded to give her a handful—enough at least for a certain coronet."

Alixe flushed scarlet to the roots of her hair, but she bowed graciously to the audacious speaker as she rose to her feet. "*Merci*, Monsieur," she said; "I will go at once to the cathedral garden. Monsieur De Gruy"—she leaned forward and laid her ungloved hand on Allard's bandaged arm—"will you *faire la quête*—for orange-blossoms—with me?"

—"I MAINTAIN THAT THE COFFEE OF THE MORNING CALL IS THE BEST THAT IS MADE—AB-SO-LUTE-LY"

"What does it mean?" demanded the astounded Desforges as the pair passed arm in arm down the dim aisles of the Market.

"It means," chuckled Raynal, "that everybody has been blind—except Love!"

The Language of the Wire

By EDWARD LEGGETT KEEN

Ld 3—Kevy ws saik tsp by an unku
ank wo, ixr, im afw ckx. Gx.

THIS is not Russian nor "pidgin" English. Neither is it printers' pi nor a doctor's prescription. It doesn't look very easy to the average citizen, but it is perfectly intelligible to any telegraph operator familiar with the handling of press copy. The operator in a newspaper office who, receiving such an item over the press association wire, should fail to sing it out or demolish three or four chairs getting it to the telegraph editor's desk, would surely lose his job. Assuming that he has heard this message ticking its way over the wire from New York, he has already taken it down on his "machine" in understandable English—and by this time he is probably listening to the bawling of the newsmongers in the street below: "Wuxtre-e-e! All about the horrible assassination of King Edward!"—while the startled public is reading from the still damp sheet:

> London,——3—King Edward VII was shot and instantly killed this afternoon by an unknown anarchist who, it is reported, immediately afterward committed suicide. Great excitement.

This is an exact translation of the alphabetical jumble recorded above. The message was sent in what is known in telegraph circles as the Phillips Code. As transmitted it contained forty-two letters; as translated, one hundred and forty-four letters. It was sent over the wire, therefore, in less than one-third the time that would have been required to tick it off in plain language.

Another example:

T Scotus tdy dcdd 5 pw f Potus dz n xtd to t Pips, ogt all pst Cgsl xgn q sj is uxl.

This also would be startling if true, and doubtless would create a sensation or two in the editorial and composing rooms, for it conveys the heartrending information that:

> The Supreme Court of the United States to-day decided that the power of the President of the United States does not extend to the Philippines, on the ground that all past Congressional legislation on the subject is unconstitutional.

The code was compiled some twenty years ago by Colonel Walter L. Phillips, sometime General Manager of the now defunct United Press. Since then it has been enlarged and improved until it now contains more than two thousand expressions. These expressions vary in length from one letter, or figure, to groups of five letters. They stand for one word or for phrases composed of as many as eight or ten words. The system was devised for the purpose of both saving time and increasing the capacity of the wire. Its utility for press work became evident upon the introduction of the typewriter. An average operator sending uncoded matter can crowd the very best receiving operator taking it in manuscript; but most any typewriter operator can take that kind of "stuff" with ease and have time to read his morning paper between words. The use of the code brings the speed of the sender more nearly up to that of the receiver, now that press work is almost universally taken on the typewriter. The examples given above are coded more closely than the ordinary press message. The time actually saved in practical work is about one-third over that consumed in sending the same matter in an unabbreviated language.

For almost all the code expressions employed there is an apparent reason for existence, orthographic or phonetic—or otherwise. Thus, "ofs" is easily understood to mean "office." The phrases, "shot and instantly killed," "it is reported," "Supreme Court of the United States," and "President of the United States" are coded by using the first letter of each word; but just why "ckx" should indicate "committed suicide" does not appear. There are some other arbitrary signs in the code, such as "hag" for "in consequence of" and "kaw" for "adjourned sine die," but these are quite limited in number. The code is arranged generally with a view to burdening the memory as little as possible. Expressions for words having the same root vary only as to termination. For instance, "receive" is coded "rc." Naturally, then, "receiving" is "rcg"; "received" is "rcd" and "reception" is "rcn." Thus also, starting with "oj" for "object," we have "ojd, ojg, ojn, ojv, ojl" for "object-ed, -ing, -ion, -ive, -ionable."

Nearly every letter in the alphabet is employed singly as a code expression; thus, "f" for "of the," "g" for "from the," "j" for "by which," etc. The figure "4" means "where"; "5," "that the"; "7," "that is."

The doctrine of expansion is observed in the code. As a system it keeps pace with the times, and new expressions are added as they become necessary. When Dewey discovered the Philippines, and thus a new word was incorporated into current geographical nomenclature, a contraction therefore had to be invented. What could be more euphonious than "Pips"? "Porto Rico" became "Pxo" and "Porto Ricans," "Pxons." Upon the accession of King Edward VII the operators were able to save nine letters by nicknaming His Majesty "Kevy." This can scarcely be considered quite so irreverent, however, as "Sow" for "Secretary of War."

GOLDEN FLEECE

The American Adventures of a Fortune-Hunting Earl

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

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—ACCEPTED WALLINGFORD'S INVITATION TO WALK IN THE FRESH NIGHT AIR TO HIS CLUB

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS—Arthur Gordon-Beauvais, Earl of Frothingham, is on the verge of hopeless financial ruin, and something must be done about it. There seems to be encouragement in the example of his friend and neighbor, George, Duke of Surrey, who has succeeded in capturing an American heiress, and, bolstered up with borrowed courage by his sister Evelyn, he takes his leave of England and the girl he really loves—Lady Gwendoline Ridley, Surrey's sister. On the steamer he meets two American types—Longview, a tuft-hunting nonentity, recently naturalized an Englishman, and Barney, a flamboyant example of sudden wealth. Both have daughters and both have fortunes, but Miss Barney is still in Chicago, and Honoria Longview is much too wide-awake a young woman to make any mistake in understanding Frothingham's errand.

III

NEW YORK, November 6.

My Dear Eve:

I'm just sending you off the newspapers with the accounts of George's wedding. Don't show them about, please, as he's frightfully cut up over them. He swears he'll never set foot in this country again or let his Duchess come. You'll be tremendously amused as you read. You'll never have seen anything so frank and personal. And the illustrations! We've done nothing but dodge cameras when we weren't dodging reporters. I don't agree with George—I think it's great fun.

They let me off easy, as you'll see, and some of the pictures of me are not half bad. But I don't wonder that George is furious. Just read the descriptions of his looks—and really he's looking horribly seedy. And don't neglect the accounts of the new Duchess' papa and how he came by his cash. He must be a gory old vulture—though really he don't look it, and except when he gets to going it hard his English is fairly good, of the nosey, Yankee kind.

George came down to the dock to meet me. He was in a *blue fury*. It seems the newspapers had been making a fearful row over him from the moment he left the other side. And then by illustrated accounts of his houses, his property, his family and himself, not to speak of what they printed about the Dowies' past and present, they set the crowds to collecting at his hotel and to following him around the streets. They published even what he ate and drank, and the size of the tips he gave the servants. And after the engagement was announced the excitement became something incredible. He couldn't poke his nose out of his rooms that somebody didn't collect the crowd by shouting, "There's his Dooklets, there's the little fellow"—and you know Georgie is a *bit* sensitive about his size.

Well, the newspapers published everything—his height and weight, the tooth he has out on the left side, every rag in his boxes, pictures of 'em, everything in Miss Dowie's trousseau—columns and columns. And how he *did* hop round when he found that the Dowies had actually hired a fellow and a woman to give out facts to the press! What do you think of that for a Yankee notion?

You can't imagine the presents. You'd have thought the crown princess was marrying. The newspapers say they alone were worth a million and a half, American money. I and Cleggett went over 'em, and we decided they'd fetch more. You know Cleggett—he's Georgie's solicitor—is over here looking after the settlements. He simply had to put the screws on to old Dowie. I got a good many hints from him on how to deal with these beggars in money matters. Dowie's a shrewd chap. He and Cleggett did all the money talk. Georgie was supposed to know nothing about it. But maybe he wasn't in a blue funk when it began to look as if the whole business were off at the last minute. I had to work hard to keep him up to the mark. Cleggett won out, though—got a hundred thousand pounds more than Georgie expected.

To go back to the presents, her uncle—one of the ha'penny rags here said he's been in the penitentiary, but I hear it's not true—he gave her a yacht, a regular ocean steamer. You'll admire the necklace her aunt sent her—it can't have cost less than fifty thousand, our money. It makes me ill to see these beggars wading and wallowing in money. By the way, I notice that while they talk of spending money, they talk of making it as much as they talk of spending it, if not more.

Wallingford, a fellow I've met here, said to me at dinner the other night, a few minutes after the women had gone: "Shall we stay here with the men and discuss making money, or shall we go up to the women and discuss spending it?"

But to go back to Georgie and his coming down to meet me. I saw him on the pier, his face like a sunset and his arms going like mad. He was haranguing a crowd in which there were several cameras. I shouted to him—I and Miss Longview and her father were at the rail together. As soon as I shouted the crowd looked at us and the cameras were pointed at us. Miss Longview darted away and her father pulled at me.

"Come, come!" he said, all in a flurry and a sweat. "They'll take your picture if you stay."

"Who?" said I. "And why should they take my picture?"

"The reporters," he answered, dragging at me. "You don't understand about American newspapers." I let him drag me away; then he explained. "They know you are coming to the wedding," he said, "and they'll photograph you and interview you and print everything about you—insulting, impudent things. There's no such thing as privacy in this horrible country. Didn't I tell you they haven't the faintest notion what a gentleman is or what is due a gentleman?"

Barney—I'm sure I told you about him in the letter I wrote you on the way over—Barney was standing near us. He burst in with, "I think your friend is unduly alarmed, Earl." (He always calls me Earl. He says he'll be blanked if he'll call any man lord.) "*You* haven't committed a crime or done what you'd be ashamed to see in print. No *honest* man objects to having his face published or anything else about him that's true." And he glared at Longview, who sniffed and walked away. Barney sent a jeering laugh after him and said, "The scrawny little chipmunk!"

"What's a chipmunk?" said I.

"A kind of squirrel," said he, "only littler and even easier to scare."

We went to the rail, and there was George with his crowd pushing and jostling him. As soon as the gangway was let down he rushed aboard, the crowd with the cameras on his heels. At the top he turned like Marius, or whoever it was, at the bridge. And he shouted to the officers in a funny, shrill voice, "Drive those ruffians back!" But the officers were smiling at him and only pretended to restrain the reporters and photographers. On they came, reaching us about as soon as George did. They poured round and between us and began to ask me questions. I must admit they were polite, in the Yankee way, and friendly, and good-natured.

I said to one of 'em: "I say, my good fellow, can't you give me time to get my breath?"

"No, I can't, Lord Frothingham," he said, laughing. "What would you do if you were I, and your paper were going to press in ten minutes and you were five minutes from a telephone?"

I got on famously with them. I didn't in the least mind. They must have liked me, as you'll read. But Georgie! *How* they have been dishing him up!

It wasn't until we got into the carriage that I and he had a chance at each other. "Did you ever see or hear of anything like it?" he said. His hands were shaking and the sweat was rolling down his cheeks. "They act like a lot of South Sea savages when a whale comes ashore. They *are* savages. I had heard it was a beastly country, but——" And he actually ground his teeth.

You know, George is very touchy on his dignity and has old-fashioned ideas of what's due a Duke from his inferiors. It seems he got into a huff when he first came because they treated him in an offhand fashion, as they treat everybody. And he tried to snub them. And when they snubbed back, only they had illustrated newspapers to do it in, he went wild and has been making matters worse and worse for himself. Some of the papers have had leaders pitying Miss Dowie and predicting that she'll have him in the divorce court for brutality shortly—think of it—Georgie, quiet Georgie! Every one is hating him, for he assumed that even Miss Dowie's friends were like the newspapers that had slated him, and he snubbed right and left.

He took me to his hotel. He had an apartment that costs him fifteen pounds a day—ain't that cruel? But he said he didn't propose that these savages should sneer at his poverty—they're doing it anyhow, and they hint that the Dowies are paying his hotel bill or will have to pay it. However, I think he did well to spread himself. There's something about this country that makes you ashamed to seem poor. You spend money and pretend you've got plenty of it. They call it "throwing a bluff," or "making a front."

George had taken an apartment at a tall price for me, but I wouldn't have it, as I wouldn't saddle him with the expense—he hadn't her money in hand then. Besides, I knew that as soon as he was gone I'd have to come down, and that would have looked bad. After I was installed in a very comfortable little apartment thirteen floors up—think of that!—at three pounds a day, we drove to Dowie's. A crowd saw us off at the hotel, people pointed and stared at us all the way up the street, and there was a crowd waiting for us at Dowie's. They live in a huge graystone castle—there is no end of smart houses here, but a queer jumble—samples of everything. I hadn't known old Dowie an hour before he told me that the house and ground and all cost him six hundred thousand, our money.

The girl—but you'll judge her for yourself. I rather fancied her. Affected, of course, and trying to act a duchess out of one of Ouida's novels. Rather fat, too, and her hair is thin and a *mussy* shade of yellow. I think she'll waddle in about five years. Still she's sensible and quick, and dresses well. All the women here do that. But the money! It's heartrending to see it parade by. And they seem to be throwing it away, but they don't. Everything is horribly dear here. I must look sharp or I sha'n't last long.

The newspapers will give you all you want to know about the wedding—it was quite a show—perhaps vulgar and overdone, but really gorgeous. I like America and I like the people. They're jolly good-natured, and the nice ones here are much the same as nice people anywhere else. The Longviews have taken a big furnished house and I'm staying with them. Next week a friend of Miss Longview—a Miss Hollister who lives here, but her people are still in the country—is coming to visit her. Her (Miss Hollister's) father owns a lot of railways and mines, and is no end of a financial swell. I'm too sleepy to write another word except

ARTHUR.

How is Gwen? Be good to me, Evelyn—with love— A.

BARNEY

IV

HONORIA took Frothingham to the Grand Central Station to meet Catherine, and he liked the very first glimpse of her as she came striding down the platform. She was tall and narrow, and she wore dresses and wraps that emphasized both these characteristics. She had a long, thin neck and a small, delicately-colored

face which she knew how to frame most fascinatingly in her hair, with or without the aid of her hat. She had dreamy young eyes, long and narrow, and her red lips and her slender, nervous fingers made it clear that she lived in her senses rather than in her intellect—that she would neither say nor think anything brilliant, but would feel intensely, and could be powerfully appealed to through her imagination. She was wearing a light brown, brightly-lined coat that trailed to her heels; and she was holding up from the dust and close about her many folds of soft, fine materials, cloth and silk and linen and lace. In her wake came a maid and a porter, each laden with her belongings, an attractive array of comforts and luxuries of travel.

"I'm glad you brought a closed carriage," she said with a shiver as they started for home. "It's raw and the sky seems to weigh upon one's shoulders and head. This is a day to hide in the house, close by an open fire."

Frothingham was surprised by this fairy-princess delicateness in so robust a creature. He thought the day mild, and as for the sky, why bother about anything that far away so long as it sent nothing down to bother one?

"You forget we are English," said Honoria. "We call this good weather. I must confess the closed carriage was a happy accident."

"So like you, Honoria! Isn't it, Lord Frothingham?" Catherine gave him a sweet smile. "She never permits one to keep agreeable illusions. Now, I was loving her for being so thoughtful for me."

As Frothingham only stared, shy and stolid, through his eyeglass, the two girls began to talk each to the other—they had not met in two years, not since Catherine and her mother visited Honoria at Longview's place in Bucks.

"What a beautiful place it was," said Catherine. "I often dream of it. But then, I love England. It is of such a wonderful, vivid shade of green and everything is so cultivated, and refined, and—and—like a fairy garden. Don't you find the contrast very great, Lord Frothingham? We are very new and wild."

"I've seen only people since I've been here. I must say the people—at least those I've met—remind me of home, except that they speak the language differently. As for the city, it's not at all as I fancied. It's much like Paris—more attractive than London, not so gloomy."

"Paris!" Catherine smiled with gently reproachful satire. "Oh, you flatter us."

"I like it better," insisted Frothingham. "It's Paris with English in the streets—I hate Frenchmen."

"No, they're not nice to look at—the men," admitted Catherine. "But I adore what they've done. What would the world be without France?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Frothingham with his cynical enthusiasm-discouraging drawl. "They're hysterical beggars, always exploding for no reason. It makes me nervous. I like quiet and comfort."

"Lord Frothingham isn't so sensible as he pretends," put in Honoria. "He's really almost as sentimental and emotional as you are, Catherine."

"Oh, but I'm neither," replied Catherine. "I don't dare to be. If I find myself the least bit enthusiastic I catch myself up and look all round, frightened lest somebody may have noticed. I'm such a liar—we all are over here. Don't you like sincerity, Lord Frothingham?"

"I—I suppose so." Frothingham looked vague. "What do you mean?" Catherine's "intensity" confused him.

"I mean being true to one's self and not ashamed to show one's self as one is, and never afraid to tell the truth."

"But all of us do that, don't we?" said Frothingham. There was a twinkle in his eye—or was it only the reflection of light from his glass?

Honoria gave him her "candid friend" look. "Nobody does," said she. "That is, nobody who has temperament enough to lead any sort of life above an oyster's."

"But I can see at a glance that Lord Frothingham has temperament." Catherine looked at him with intensely sympathetic appreciation. "Yes, men can be sincere and truthful. But women must always repress their real selves."

Frothingham looked stolid and hopeless. Whenever conversation turned on abstractions he felt like a man fumbling and stumbling about in a London fog. "Really?" he said. "Really, now?"

"I don't know why women fancy they must be liars," said Honoria. "Do you mind dining at Sherry's to-night?" Catherine in her psychological moods bored her. She sometimes ventured on aerial flights, but had no fancy for aerial flounderings.

"Sherry's? That will be delightful! I like dining at restaurants—I'm very American in that respect."

"But so do I," said Frothingham. "That is, in your restaurants here. The people are interesting, and they talk a lot, and loud enough so that one hears every word and isn't annoyed by missing the sense. And how they do waste the food!"

"Food!" Catherine repeated the word with a smile that was half humorous, half pleading. "Please don't use that word, Lord Frothingham. Is always makes me shiver. It sounds so—so animal!"

—HE LIKED THE VERY FIRST GLIMPSE OF HER

Frothingham put on the blank look behind which he habitually sheltered himself when he did not know what to say or to do or to think. Honoria was disgusted with him and with Catherine. "They're not going to like each other, not even enough to marry," she said to herself. "And it's a pity, as they're exactly suited. If Catherine only wouldn't pose!"

She was, therefore, somewhat surprised when, immediately she and Catherine were alone, Catherine burst into rhapsody on Frothingham. "What a fine, strong face! So much character! What a sincere, sensitive, pure nature. He's a splendid type of true gentleman, isn't he, Nora? How well he contrasts with our men! Doesn't he?"

Honoria smiled to herself. "She wants to marry him," she thought, "and she's building a fire under her imagination. I might have known it. She's the very person to weave romance over a title and imagine it all gospel. What a poser!" To Catherine she said: "He's a decent enough chap, Caterina. And you'll admire him more than ever when you've read him up in Burke's Peerage and looked at the pictures he's given me of Beauvais House."

"How do you spell it? B-e-v-i-s?"

"No, that's the way you pronounce it. You spell it B-e-a-u-v-a-i-s."

"Isn't that interesting? It's so commonplace to pronounce a word the way it's spelt, don't you think?"

"I never thought of it, my dear. Why not marry him?"

"You are so abrupt and—and practical, Honoria," said Catherine plaintively. "But you are a dear. I should never marry a man unless I loved him."

Honoria looked faintly cynical. "Certainly not. But surely you can love any man you make up your mind to marry. What is your imagination for?"

At Sherry's that night, besides Honoria, Catherine, Longview and Frothingham, there were at Longview's table Mrs. Carnarvon, of the hunting set, and Joe Wallingford—he hunts and writes verse, both badly, and looks and talks, both extremely well. Honoria devoted herself to Wallingford and so released Catherine and Frothingham each upon the other—she listened for a few seconds now and then to note their progress.

"It's a go," she said to herself with the matchmaker's thrill of triumph, as the cold dessert was served. She saw that Frothingham had ceased to listen and so had ceased to puzzle; his eyeglass was trained steadily and sympathetically upon Catherine's fascinating beauty—why weary the brain when it might rest and enjoy itself through the eyes? Catherine was talking on and on, quoting poetry, telling Frothingham of her emotions, telling him of his emotions—he did not have them, but she was so earnest and convinced that he half believed he did.

"When you said this afternoon that you liked things quiet and comfortable," she said, "I felt that it was splendidly in keeping with your character. I saw that you hated all this noise and display, that you like to get away in your own corner of your beautiful England and live grandly and quietly—near Nature."

If Catherine had not been beautiful and rich he would have said to himself, "What rubbish!" But, as it was, he thought her profound and spiritual. And he said, trying to touch bottom and get a firm stand upon firm earth, "I think you'd like Beauvais."

"I'm sure I should," replied Catherine with enthusiasm. "Honoria was showing me the photographs of it. I admire the great, stately old house. But I liked best of all the picture of the woods and the brook. It reminded me of those lines of Coleridge's—they are so beautiful!—where he speaks of the brook—

> 'In the leafy month of June
> That to the sleeping woods all night
> Singeth a quiet tune.'

Don't you think those lines fine? Do I quote them right?"

"Yes—I think so—that is," stammered Frothingham, "it's a jolly brook, but we call it a river." Then to himself: "What an ass she'll think me!" But the starting sweat stayed, for she asked him no more questions; and he, freed from the anxiety of having to try to soar with her, was able to sit quietly and enjoy her beauty and the murmurous rush of her low, musical voice—"It's like the brook that brute she quoted wrote about," he thought.

He did not drive home with his party but accepted Wallingford's invitation to walk in the fresh night air to his club.

"Your American women are tremendously clever," he said, as they were strolling along. He was feeling dazed and dizzy from the whirl of his emotions, the whirls and shocks Catherine Hollister had given his brain.

"Yes, they're clever," replied Wallingford, "but not in the way they think they are. Take Kitty Hollister, for example. She's all right when she wants to be. She thinks sense. But what a raft of fuzzy trash she does float out when she gets a-going. I pitied you this evening. She laid herself out to impress you. You're staying in the house with her, aren't you? I suppose she whoops it up whenever you're round?"

"I find her very clever—and interesting," said Frothingham somewhat stiffly.

"Of course she is. I've known her for seventeen of the nineteen years she's gladdened the earth—and I ought to know her pretty well. But she's like a lot of the women in this town. They haven't any emotions to speak of—nothing emotional happens. But they think they ought to have emotions such as they read about, and so they fake 'em. Then, they've got the craze for culture. They haven't the time to get the real thing—they're too busy showing off. Besides, they're too lazy. So they fake culture, too. Oh, yes, they're clever. And they look so well that you like the fake as they parade it better than the real thing."

"We have that sort in London," said Frothingham.

"So I've observed. But it's done rather better there—they're older hands at it. If you weren't an Englishman, I'd say it fitted in better among the other shams. I suppose you've noticed that many people here are imitation English or French? You've seen the tags 'Made in England,' 'Made in France,' 'Made in England, finished in France'?"

(Continued on Page 20)

A PECULIAR PEOPLE

By Rebecca Harding Davis

THE most vehement Abolitionist that I ever saw flamed into our horizon one July morning in '62. No other words will convey the breathless heat of that man's zeal.

I must remind you that by that time the border States were one vast armed camp. The few men here and there who had cried out for arbitration or peace were either dead, or dumb from fear. The whole country now was given over to blood and fury. During the first year of the war there had been a good deal of terrified but friendly scuttling to and fro across the border. Local politicians made journeys to "use their influence on the other side." Southern children were hurried home from Northern schools; helpless women sought shelter with far-off kinsfolk.

But now the lines between the Northern and Southern States were closed and ramparted from end to end by armed men. No passes could be obtained from either Government. The man who tried to steal across the line, no matter what his purpose, was either shot on sight or hung as a spy.

You can imagine my dismay then, when, one sultry morning, I received a letter from an Abolition leader in Boston, saying:

"My friend, M. d'Almeida, of Paris, a man eminent in the scientific world of Europe, has come to this country to aid the slave in gaining his freedom. He is eager to reach the South and begin his God-appointed work. I have sent him direct to you, hoping that your family will use their influence with some of the Southern leaders to enable him to travel safely through the seceded States. If this is not practicable will you assist him to creep through the lines in disguise? No doubt courtesy will be shown to a foreigner on both sides."

Courtesy?

I remember that at that moment terrified cries rose on the street. Some pretty young girls had been arrested for strumming Dixie on their pianos and were being led to jail.

For martial law had been declared in our quiet old town at the beginning of the war. The division of Virginia was planned there and the little city promptly was made the capital of the new State. Nowhere in the country probably was the antagonism between its sections more bitter than in these counties of Virginia which the North thus wrested from the South—"for keeps." Federal troops were hurried into Wheeling. The stately old dwelling across the street from our house was now the headquarters of the Mountain Department, under General Rosecrans. Some of our friends who were secessionists were in an old theatre just in sight which had been turned into a jail. Others were in a prison camp on a pretty island in the river. The change in the drowsy town was like that made in those little vine-decked villages on the flanks of Vesuvius after the red-hot flood of lava had passed over them. Nothing but gloom and suspicion and death were real to us now. The range of mountains just out of sight was alive with rebel guerillas, quite as little minded to peace and mercy as our guards.

And I was asked to send a foreign slave-stealer safely through them!

A Crusader in Distress

At that moment his card was brought up. I found in the drawing-room a large, bearded man, who, in one excited minute, in a torrent of broken English and breathless French, told me that he had come from his own country to the help of mine, that he "had thoroughly mastered the situation in the North and now threw himself upon my compassion, trusting to my hands to open the gates of the South to him." He pulled out packages of commendatory letters from Horace Greeley, Sumner and Lovejoy. It was in vain that my father, whom I called to my help, assured him that if one of these papers were found on him in the South he would be hung to the nearest tree. He laughed complacently.

"Ah! I have my plan!" he cried excitedly. "Zere ees a little river near here—ze Kenny-wah. I go to its shores. I dress in ze costume of ze paysans. You will kindly have taught me zere patois. I buy a bateau. I row. I sing ze chanson of Dixie loudly. Zey welcome me to zeir houses."

Argument was useless. For two days M. d'Almeida fumed and planned. Then one of our friends—a rebel and slave-owner, by the way—took pity on him.

"I am going home to St. Louis, Monsieur," he said. "If you choose to come with me I think you can make your way into the South. The lines are not so tightly drawn in Missouri as here. But I will not answer for your safety when you pass them."

They started for St. Louis together. M. d'Almeida sent his letters back to Boston, assuring us loudly that he would "be silent and wary as a serpent!" He was promptly arrested the day he crossed the lines and spent a year in Southern prisons and camps, but at last was exchanged and sent to a military hospital in Washington. There Lord Lyons, who was appealed to, found him, worn out with want and disease and disappointment. He hurried home to France and sent back grateful souvenirs to every one who had aided him. But he came no more to the land of Freedom.

Frémont the Paladin of His Party

The incarnation of the chivalric and noble side of Abolitionism was John C. Frémont. (It had, like every cause, more sides than one.)

Frémont had the ardent blood of a Frenchman and a South Carolinian. He made of Freedom a religion. I don't know that he had any especial liking for the negro—very few Abolitionists, by the way, had that. But the slavery of the black man—of any man—was abhorrent to him. He fought for the freedom of the negro as he would have fought for the Holy Sepulchre, or for liberty with Kosciusko, or Kossuth, or Garibaldi.

He was so completely the Paladin, the ideal knight, in his figure, his face and his manner, that you took a certain comfortable satisfaction in knowing that he was in the right niche. One man, at least, had the work in hand for which he was born.

His party clung to him with a passionate loyalty.

"My creed is short," I once heard Sidney Gay, the editor of the Tribune, say: "I believe in Almighty God, His Son, and John C. Frémont."

He meant no irreverence. In that time when Americans were dying daily for each other and for ideas their words were apt to be few and hot with meaning.

If the great Pathfinder was the incarnation of the chivalric spirit of his cause, Horace Greeley embodied as fully its exaggerated ridiculous phases.

I saw him first when I was a schoolgirl in a little town in Pennsylvania.

The Lecturer was then in the height of his career; he was the new-found Educator of the whole country: every village waited breathless for him to come and waken its sleeping intellect. He came, incessantly. One week Holmes read poems to us; the next Saxe gave us puns; again we plunged into the mysteries of buried Nineveh. On this night the little church was crowded to the doors and all of the kerosene lamps blazed and smoked joyfully. Every man in the town took the New York Tribune and accepted it as gospel, and Horace Greeley was believed to write the whole of it, down to the death notices.

And now there he was himself, the great Northern prophet and leader! He stood down in front of the pulpit near to us. He bore a dreadful, unspeakable likeness to Humpty Dumpty. Deny it to yourself in horror if you chose—it was there! His head was a round, shining ball, the few hairs struggled wildly over it, his blue, round eyes were those of a baby, his voice was a shrill squeak. He was vehement from the first word. He meant to help these young people and this was his one chance in life to do it. His legs and arms wobbled continuously as though every joint were unhinged. At last, in the height and paroxysm of his argument, when he had clenched you, wrestling with your reason as for life, he suddenly stopped, and taking out a huge yellow bandanna handkerchief held it at length by the two corners, and stooping down sawed it energetically in silence across his legs. That was the end. And yet, so passionate was his appeal, so fine and high the truth which he had forced on us that nobody laughed. The audience dispersed in an awed silence. As you went out of the hall something choked your throat, and the hot tears stood in your eyes.

Anecdotes of Horace Greeley's absurd, childish doings circulated widely during his life. Any vulgar scribbler or cartoonist could point them out with giggles and hisses. Only those who worked under him or knew him well understood how great and sincere was the soul beneath them. It belonged to his temperament to be sensitive and easily hurt as a child. There is no doubt that the malignant ridicule heaped upon him during the campaign in which he was a candidate for the Presidency shortened his life.

After all, as far as the Abolition party was concerned, the war was very like the tourney in Ivanhoe. One famous leader after another came to the front—Frémont, Beecher, Greeley—to be unhorsed by their own party and carried from the field. Frémont, with his chivalric notions and gallant presence, was, let us say, the Disinherited Knight, and the great Plymouth preacher might well take the part of burly Front de Bœuf.

I never saw a human being with a personality more aggressive than that of Henry Ward Beecher. No matter how crowded the room might be you were conscious only of this huge, lumbering man in it who was so oddly unconscious of himself. He had too big a nature for vanity. His brain was eager and grasping. Whether the talk turned on a religion or a bonnet he caught the subject with impatient force and crushed the whole meaning out of it. He was, too, more than other people—human. He was indifferent to nothing. Every drop of his thick blood was hot with love or hate. He was an Abolitionist not so much from love of Freedom as love of the poor black man himself. His humor was that of Dooley, not Lamb. He had the voice of a great orator; if you did not know the language he spoke, the magnetism in it would make you laugh or cry.

He had an enormous following of men and a few women.

But, back of the heavy jaws and thick lips and searching eyes swathed in drooping lids, back of the powerful intellect and tender sympathy, there was a nameless something in Mr. Beecher which repelled most women. You resolved obstinately not to agree with his argument, not to laugh or cry with him, not to see him again.

Perhaps it is ungracious in me to tell this. But I cannot give the impression he made without it. He was always Doctor Fell to me, in spite of his strength and the wonderful charm of his sympathy with every living creature.

I met him first at a large dinner-party in New York. He knew me only as a young girl from the hills in Virginia, a friend of his friends. But he heard me speak of certain forgotten old hymns of which I was fond.

"Bring her to Plymouth Church next Sunday," he whispered to my hostess.

There was an immense audience in the great church that Sunday. The seats rose as in a circus up from the pulpit: they were all full and the aisles were packed with men standing; at the back were the organ and choir. During the service that great congregation sang, one after another, the old hymns that I loved. The vast volume of sound rose to Heaven as one soft, pleading voice. I never shall forget that morning.

When I met Mr. Beecher again he came up to me eagerly. "Well? well? Yes, I knew what it would be to you!"

It shows the tact, the eagerness to be kind, of the man.

The Personal Charm of Wendell Phillips

Wendell Phillips had precisely that indefinable personal dignity and charm which Horace Greeley lacked; perhaps he had a little too much of it for an orator. You were so pleased with the man that you forgot the cause that he urged.

I saw him first when he came to Philadelphia during the war to fan the zeal of the Quaker wing of his party to fiercer heats. The audience was small, mostly made up of gentle, attentive women Friends, who in their white caps and dove-colored garments seemed to make a band around him of moderation and calm—virtuous but stifling. His brief, fiery sentences fell into it and went out as barbed arrows shot into a cushion. When he ended with a passionate appeal they looked mildly at each other, nodded and smiled, and a low "Um—um-m" of approval breathed through the hall.

When the next speaker rose Mr. Phillips found his way to the corner where we sat with the "world's people."

"Did you ever hear," he said abruptly, "of Sarah Siddons' first appearance in Edinburgh? She had heard that the Scotch were a lethargic folk and put forth all her powers to move them. Lady Macbeth was so terrible that night that she shivered with horror at herself; but her audience sat calm and dumb. In the sleep-walking scene she was used, in London, to see the whole house rise in terror; men would shriek and women be carried out fainting. But now there was unbroken silence until an old man in the pit chuckled and said aloud to his neighbor: 'Aweel, Sandy, that's nae so bad!'

"But the Philadelphians," he added with a forced laugh, "do not commit themselves as far as that!"

The Headquarters of the Underground Railroad

Yet these identical dove-colored women had lighted the torch which set the country on fire. The headquarters of the Abolition party was among the Philadelphia Quakers. Here for years was the Northern station of the famous secret Underground Railroad by which thousands of flying slaves escaped. The agent here was William Still, a grave, shrewd negro who died only last year, leaving a large fortune which he had amassed in trade.

The fugitive slaves came to him in every kind of disguise and were hid until they could be sent on to Canada. He published an account of it all after the war was over. No tragedy ever was more dramatic than these records set down from day to day. The slaves always gave him an account of themselves, their masters, their families. One evening came a couple of gray-haired old men, brothers, who had escaped from Alabama. They told him they had been sold when boys by their master in Maryland. Their mother and her baby were not sold. They never had seen or heard of either of them again.

"What was your Maryland master's name?" asked Still. They told him. He waited until the room was clear.

"I am your brother," he said. "I was the baby. But our mother is dead."

Another negro prominent in those days among the Abolitionists was a Mrs. Frances Harper, an able, ambitious woman, who lectured with a strange, bitter eloquence.

Charles Sumner was often in consultation with these Philadelphia leaders, but I never happened to see him. Whittier also came, and James Russell Lowell, whose first wife was a Philadelphia Friend. But Lowell's politics and poetry were, as a rule, kept inside of his books. He himself in every-day life was so simple, so sincere, so human, that you forgot that he had any higher calling than that of being the most charming of companions.

Mr. Whittier, on the contrary, was always the poet and the Abolitionist. He did not consciously pose, but he never for a moment forgot his mission. He was thin, mild and ascetic, looking like a Presbyterian country minister. He gave his views of slavery and the South with a gentle, unwearied obstinacy, exasperating to any one who knew that there was another side to the question.

William D. O'Connor was the most vehement of these reformers. He was a little man who wore a high hat and walked on tiptoe and talked loudly, always in superlatives, and hurled defiance at the Slave Power with every breath. He wrote a novel called Harrington, which he hoped would rout and vanquish it utterly.

After the war was over he took a brief for Bacon vs. Shakespeare, compiled a book which was an altar to Walt Whitman, but subsided at last into the Life-Saving Service Department, and did much quiet good work in the world.

An Efficient Band of Women Workers

Then there were many Quaker women, honest of heart, sweet of face, soft of speech and narrow in their beliefs, as only your gentle, soft woman can be. Chief among them were Mary Grew and Elizabeth Burleigh, who for many years lived and preached and worked together, close as a pair of Siamese twins.

It never occurred to any of this cult that they had come into the world for any other purpose than to reform it.

I remember that I was with Mary Grew and her friend when the news came of the final passage of the Fifteenth Amendment. The hope of their lives was accomplished. But they were silent for a long time.

"What will thee and I do now?" one said to the other drearily. "There is prison reform? Or we might stir up women to vote?"

They could hardly wait until the next day to begin.

The queen bee of this buzzing swarm was Lucretia Mott, one of the most remarkable women which this country has ever produced. Fugitive slaves, lecturers, reformers, everybody who wanted help and everybody who wanted to give help found their way to her quiet little farmhouse on the Old York Road; some were checked and some urged onward, but all were cared for and helped. No man in the Abolition party had a more vigorous brain or ready eloquence than this famous Quaker preacher, but much of her power came from the fact that she was one of the most womanly of women. She had pity and tenderness enough in her heart for the mother of mankind, and that keen sense of humor without which the tenderest of women is but a dull clod.

Even in extreme old age she was one of the most beautiful women I ever have seen. She was a little, vivid, delicate creature, alive with magnetic power. It is many years since that charming face with its wonderful luminous eyes was given back to the earth, but it is as real to me at this moment as ever.

I remember that once a Southern woman met Mrs. Mott at our house. With all slave-holders she had been taught to abhor her as the modern Borgia—the planner of war and murders. When she caught sight of her as she came into the room she gasped out, "Why! she looks like a saint!"

She talked much to her during the evening, and after she had gone said earnestly: "I believe that that woman *is* one of the saints of God!"

When you were with Mrs. Mott you were apt to think of her as the mother and housekeeper rather than as the leader of a party. She came from Nantucket, and until the day of her death kept up the homely, womanish habits of her youth. She might face a mob at night that threatened her life, or lecture to thousands of applauding disciples, but she never forgot in the morning to pick and shell the peas for dinner. Her fingers never were quiet. She knitted wonderful bedspreads and made gay rag carpets as wedding gifts for all of her descendants.

She had, oddly enough, the personal charm, the temperament, the hospitable soul of a Southern woman. I used wickedly to wish that she had been born "on the other side."

How they would have appreciated her down there! How they would have exalted her and her memory long after she was dead!

And she——? Would she have preached Abolitionism if she had been born in Virginia?

The question is not foolish. I have known Southern women who abhorred slavery as much as did Lucretia Mott. They said little, they led no party, but they freed their slaves and made themselves poor for life.

We native Americans are all of one kin, whoever we may be. Scratch the skin of the Abolitionist or the slave-holder and you find the same blood—and good, honest, red blood it is!

—ASSURED HIM THAT HE WOULD BE HUNG TO THE NEAREST TREE

Tom Reed on Roosevelt

REPRESENTATIVE John Fletcher Lacey, of Iowa, is a staunch supporter of Civil Service standards. In his fidelity to that policy he has the earnest backing of President Roosevelt, who is an admirer of the Iowa statesman.

The acquaintance of the two men began in an interesting way. A few days after Lacey took his seat in the Fifty-first Congress he met the late Thomas B. Reed in the Capitol cloak-room standing before a map of the United States and tracing the outlines of the States with a big cane.

"Figuring out your inevitable majority in the Speakership contest?" asked the Iowan good-naturedly.

"No," said Reed. "A young constituent of mine who has just failed in a Civil Service examination claims that a competitor passed safely by bribing the Examiners to give him a list of the questions in advance. I didn't believe my young friend and have sent him to the headquarters of the Civil Service Commission to tell his story there. While awaiting his return I have been figuring out on this map that if, say, Columbus, Ohio, represented 100 per cent. in a Civil Service table of markings, my constituent would come out somewhere about Jamaica, Long Island."

"I was amused," continued Representative Lacey, "by Reed's quaint way of stating his belief in his constituent's inability to pass the examination. While we discussed the subject of Civil Service in a general way in walked the young man who had failed and had gone to unburden his conviction to the Civil Service Commission that a rival had been successful through connivance with an agent of that service.

"'Well, what happened when you told your story?' Reed asked.

"'Why,' faltered the youth, 'a very emphatic fellow in charge there whipped out $100 in bills, laid them across his knee and exclaimed:

"'I'll pay you $100, young man, if you can prove that a single syllable of what you say of corruption is true.' That's all the satisfaction I got.'

"'And that's all you deserve,' added Reed.

"Then, turning to me," continued Mr. Lacey, "Reed said: 'We've got an American of blood and iron—a coming man—on the Civil Service Commission. I tell you, Lacey, you want to watch that Civil Service Commissioner, for he's a New World Bismarck. He'll be President some day.'

"'What's his name?' I asked.

"'Theodore Roosevelt,' replied Reed.

"Of course I had heard vaguely of Roosevelt, but, never having had any occasion to meet him," continued Mr. Lacey, "I had formed no definite opinion of him. Reed's characterization aroused in me the greatest curiosity to see this Roosevelt. The next day I called and introduced myself, and took the liberty to repeat what the young man had brought back about the $100 guarantee that no turpitude on the part of the Examiner in question existed.

"'I have resolved to purify the Civil Service system,' was Mr. Roosevelt's reply, 'and to that end have placed in charge men whom I trust with my whole heart, and I stand ready, therefore, to pledge my fortune and my honor to the sacredness with which they respect the trust I repose in them.'

I have never forgotten the thrill of delight that manly utterance gave me," added Mr. Lacey.

THE PIT

By FRANK NORRIS
Author of The Octopus

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PAGE TOOK HER SEAT, AND LOOKED DOWN INTO THE WHEAT PIT

CHAPTER XVIII

THE suicide of Charles Cressler had occurred on the tenth of June, and the news of it, together with the wretched story of his friend's final surrender to a temptation he had never outlived, reached Curtis Jadwin early on the morning of the eleventh.

He and Gretry were at their accustomed places in the latter's office, and the news seemed to shut out all the sunshine that had been flooding in through the broad plate-glass windows. After their first incoherent horror, the two sat staring at each other, speechless.

"My God! my God!" groaned Jadwin, as if in the throes of a deadly sickness. "He was in the Crookes' ring, and we never knew it—I've killed him, Sam. I might as well have held that pistol myself." He stamped his foot, striking his fist across his forehead. "Cressler—my best friend—Charlie—Charlie Cressler! Oh, I shall go mad if this—if this——"

"Steady, steady does it, J.," warned the broker, his hand upon his shoulder; "we got to keep a grip on ourselves to-day. We've got a lot to think of. We'll think about Charlie later. Just now, . . . well, it's business now. Mathewson and Knight have called us for margins—twenty thousand [illegible]

He laid the slip down in front of Jadwin as he sat at his desk

"Oh, this can wait," muttered Jadwin. "Let it go till this afternoon; I can't talk business now. Think of Carrie—Mrs. Cressler, I——"

"N—no," answered Gretry reflectively and slowly, looking anywhere but in Jadwin's face. "N—no, I don't think we'd better wait. I think we'd better meet these margin calls promptly. It's always better to keep our trades margined up."

Jadwin faced around.

"Why," he cried, "one would think, to hear you talk, as though there was danger of me busting here at any hour."

Gretry did not answer. There was a moment's silence. Then the broker caught his principal's eye and held it a second

"Well," he answered, "you saw how freely they sold to us in the Pit yesterday. We've got to buy, and buy and buy, to keep our price up; and look here, look at these reports from our correspondents; everything points to a banner crop There's been an increase of acreage everywhere because of our high prices. See this from Travers"—he picked up a dispatch and read: "'Preliminary return of spring wheat with two Dakotas, subject to revision, indicate a total area seeded of sixteen million acres, which, added to area in winter-wheat States, makes total of forty three million, or nearly four million acres greater than last year.'"

"Lot of blamed sentiment," cried Jadwin, refusing to be convinced. "Two-thirds of that wheat won't grade, and Europe will take nearly all of it. What we ought to do is to send our men into the Pit and buy another million, buy more than these fools can offer. Buy 'em to a standstill."

"That takes a big pile of money, then," said the broker. "More than we can lay our hands on this morning. The best we can do is to take all the Bears are offering, and support the market. The moment they offer us wheat and we don't buy it, that moment—as you know yourself—they'll throw wheat at you by the train load, and the price will break, and we with it."

"Think we'll get rid of much wheat to-day?" demanded Jadwin.

By now it had become vitally necessary for Jadwin to sell out his holdings. His "long line" was a fearful expense; insurance and storage charges were eating rapidly into the profits. He must get rid of the load he was carrying, little by little. To do this at a profit he had adopted the expedient of flooding the Pit with buying orders just before the close of the session, and then, as the price rose under this stimulus, selling quickly, before it had time to break. At first this had succeeded. But of late he must buy more and more to keep the price up, while the moment that he began to sell the price began to drop; so that now, in order to sell one bushel, he must buy two

"Think we can unload much on 'em to-day?" repeated Jadwin

"I don't know," answered Gretry slowly and thoughtfully. "Perhaps—there's a chance—— Frankly, J., I don't think we can. The Pit is taking heart, that's the truth of it. Those fellows are not so scared of us as they were a while ago. It's the new crop, as I've said over and over again. We've put wheat so high that all the farmers have planted it, and are getting ready to dump it on us. The Pit knows that, of course. Why, just think, they are harvesting in some places. And that Government report yesterday showed that the growing wheat is in good condition."

"Nothing of the sort. It was a little over eighty six."

"Good enough," declared Gretry; "good enough so that it broke the price down to a dollar and twenty. Just think, we were at a dollar and a half a little while ago."

"And we'll be at two dollars in another ten days, I tell you."

"Do you know how we stand, J.?" said the broker gravely. "Do you know how we stand—financially? It's taken pretty nearly every cent of our ready money to support this July market. Oh, we can figure out our paper profits into the millions. We've got thirty, forty, fifty million bushels of wheat that's worth over a dollar a bushel, but if we can't sell it we're none the better off—and that wheat is costing us five or six thousand a day. Now, old man, where's the money going to come from? You don't seem to realize that we are in a precarious condition." He raised an arm and pointed above him, in the direction of the floor of the Board of Trade.

"The moment we can't give our boys—Landry Court and the rest of 'em—the moment we can't give them buying orders, that Pit will suck us down like a chip. The moment we admit that we can't buy all the wheat that's offered, there's the moment we bust."

"Well, we'll buy it," cried Jadwin through his set teeth. "I'll show those brutes. Look here, is it money we want? You cable to Paris and offer two million at—oh, at eight cents below the market; and to Liverpool, and let 'em have twopence off on the same amount. They'll snap it up as quick as look at it. That will bring in one lot of money, and as for the rest I guess I've got some real estate in this town that's pretty good security."

"What—you going to mortgage part of that?"

"No," cried Jadwin, jumping up with a quick, impatient gesture, "no; I'm going to mortgage all of it, and I'm going to do it to-day—this morning. If you say we're in a precarious condition, it's no time for half-measures. I'll have more money than you'll know what to do with in the Illinois Trust by three o'clock this afternoon, and when the Board opens to-morrow morning I'm going to light into those cattle in the Pit there so as they'll think a locomotive has struck 'em. They'd stand me off, would they? They'd try to sell me down; they won't cover when I turn the screw! I'll show 'em, Sam Gretry. I'll run wheat up so high before the next two days that the Bank of England can't pull it down, and before the Pit can catch its breath I'll sell our long line, and with the profits of that I'll run it right up again. Two dollars! Why, it will be two fifty here so quick you won't know how it's happened. I've just been fooling with this crowd until now. Now I'm really going to get down to business."

Gretry did not answer. He twirled his pencil between his fingers and stared down at the papers on his desk. Once he started to speak, but checked himself. Then at last he turned about

"All right," he said briskly. "We'll see what that will do."

"I'm going over to the Illinois Trust now," said Jadwin, putting on his hat. "When your boys come in for their orders tell them for to-day just to support the market. If there's much wheat offered they'd better buy it. Tell them not to let the market go below a dollar twenty. When I come back we'll make out those cables."

That day Jadwin carried out his program so vehemently announced to his broker. Upon every piece of real estate that he owned—and for its full value—he placed as heavy a mortgage as the property would stand. Even his old house on Michigan Avenue, even the "homestead" on North State Street was encumbered. But he did more than this. The time was come, he felt, for the grand coup, the last huge strategical move, the concentration of every piece of heavy artillery. Never in all his multitude of operations on the Chicago Board of Trade had he failed. He knew he would not fail now; Luck, the golden goddess, still stayed at his shoulder. He did more than mortgage his property; he floated a number of promissory notes. His credit, always unimpeachable, he taxed to its farthest stretch; from every source he gathered in the sinews of the war he was waging No sum was too great to daunt him, none too small to be overlooked. Reserves, van and rear, battle-line and skirmish outposts he summoned together to form one single vast column of attack

It was on this same day while Jadwin, pressed for money, was leaving no stone unturned to secure ready cash, that he came across old Hargus in his usual place in Gretry's customers' room, reading a two-days'-old newspaper. Of a sudden an idea occurred to Jadwin. He took the old man aside. "Hargus," he said, "do you want a good investment for your money, that money I turned over to you? I can give you a better rate than the bank, and pretty good security. Let me have about a hundred thousand at—oh, ten per cent."

"Hey—what?" asked the old fellow querulously. Jadwin repeated his request.

But Hargus cast a suspicious glance at him and drew away.

"I—I don't lend my money," he observed.

"Why—you old fool," exclaimed Jadwin. "How is it—more interest you want? Why, we'll say fifteen per cent., if you like."

"I don't lend my money," exclaimed Hargus, shaking his head. "I ain't got any to lend," and with the words took himself off

One source of help alone Jadwin left untried. Sorely tempted, he nevertheless kept himself from involving his wife's money in the hazard. Laura, in her own name, was possessed of a little fortune; sure as he was of winning, Jadwin none the less hesitated from seeking an auxiliary here. He felt it was a matter of pride; he could not bring himself to make use of a woman's succor.

But his entire personal fortune now swung in the balance. It was the last fight, the supreme attempt, the final, consummate assault; and the thrill of a victory more brilliant, more conclusive, more decisive than any he had ever known vibrated in Jadwin's breast as he went to and fro in Jackson, Adams and La Salle Streets all through that day of the eleventh.

But he knew the danger—knew just how terrible was to be the grapple. Once that same day a certain detail of business took him near to the entrance of the floor. Though he did not so much as look inside the doors, he could not but hear the thunder of the Pit; and even in that moment of

"I MIGHT AS WELL HAVE HELD THAT PISTOL MYSELF," GROANED JADWIN

confidence, his great triumph only a few hours distant, Jadwin, for the instant, stood daunted. The roar was appalling, the Niagara was again unchained, the maelstrom was again unleashed. And during the briefest of seconds he could fancy that the familiar bellow of its swirling had taken on another pitch. Out of that hideous turmoil, he imagined, there issued a strange, unwonted note; as it were, the first rasp and grind of a new avalanche just beginning to stir, a diapason more profound than any he had yet known, a hollow, distant bourdon as of the slipping and sliding of some almighty and chaotic power trembled in the air.

It was the Wheat, the Wheat. It was on the move again. From the farms of Illinois and Iowa, from the ranches of Kansas and Nebraska, from all the reaches of the Middle West, the Wheat, like a tidal wave, was rising, rising. Almighty, blood-brother to the earthquake, coeval with the volcano and the whirlwind, that gigantic world-force, that colossal billow, nourisher of the nations, was swelling and advancing

There in the Pit its first premonitory eddies already swirled and spun. If even the first ripples of the tide smote terribly upon the heart, what was it to be when the ocean itself burst through, on its eternal way from West to East?

For an instant came clear vision

What were these shouting, gesticulating men of the Board of Trade, these brokers, traders and speculators?

It was not these he fought. It was the Wheat; it was—as Gretry had said—the very Earth itself. What were those scattered hundreds of farmers of the Middle West who, because he had put the price so high, had planted the grain as never before? What had they to do with it? Why, the Wheat had grown itself; demand and supply, these were the two great laws the Wheat obeyed

Almost blasphemous in his effrontery, he had tampered with these laws, and had roused a Titan. He had laid his puny human grasp upon creation, and the very Earth herself, the Great Mother, feeling the touch of the cobweb that the human insect had spun, had stirred at last in her sleep and sent her omnipotence moving through the grooves of the world, to find and crush the disturber of her appointed courses.

But Jadwin hurried away from the sound of the near roaring of the Pit. No, no Luck was with him; he had mastered the current of the Pit many times before—he would master it again. The day passed and the night, and at nine o'clock the following morning he and Gretry once more met in the broker's office

Gretry turned a pale face upon his principal

"I've just received," he said, "the answers to our cables to Liverpool and Paris. I offered wheat at both places, as you ordered, cheaper than we've ever offered it there before."

"Yes—well?"

"Well," answered Gretry, looking gravely into Jadwin's eyes—"Well, . . . they won't take it

"NO," CRIED JADWIN. "NO; I'M GOING TO MORTGAGE ALL OF IT"

On the morning of her birthday—the thirteenth of the month—when Laura descended to the breakfast-room she found Page already there Though it was barely half-past seven her sister was already dressed for the street. She wore a smart new hat with a red feather, and as she stood by the French windows looking out she drew her gloves back and forth between her fingers with a nervous, impatient gesture.

"Why," said Laura, as she sat down at her place—"Why, Page, what is in the wind to-day?"

"Landry is coming," Page explained, facing about and glancing at the watch pinned to her waist. "He is going to take me down to see the Board of Trade—from the visitors' gallery, you know. He said this would probably be a great day. Did Mr. Jadwin come home last night?"

Laura shook her head, without speech. She did not choose to put into words the fact that for three days—with the exception of an hour or two, on the evening of that horrible day of her visit to the Cresslers' house—she had seen nothing of her husband

"Landry says," continued Page, "that it is awful—down there, these days He says that it is the greatest fight in the history of La Salle Street Has Mr. Jadwin said anything to you? Is he going to win?"

"I don't know," answered Laura in a low voice; "I don't know anything about it, Page

She was wondering if even Page had forgotten. When she had come into the room her first glance had been toward her place at table. But there was nothing there, not even so much as an envelope; and no one had so much as wished her joy of the little anniversary. She had thought Page might have remembered, but her sister's next words showed that she had more on her mind than birthdays.

"Laura," she began, sitting down opposite to her, and unfolding her napkin with laborious precision—"Laura—Landry and I—— Well, . . . we're going to be married in the fall."

"Why, Page," cried Laura, "I'm just as glad as I can be for you. He's a fine, clean fellow, and I know he will make you a good husband"

Page drew a deep breath.

"Well," she said, "I'm glad you think so, too. Before you and Mr. Jadwin were married I wasn't sure about having him care for me, because at that time—well——" Page looked up with a queer little smile "I guess you could have had him—if you had wanted to.

"Oh, that," cried Laura. "Why, Landry never really cared for me. It was all the silliest kind of flirtation. The moment he knew you better, I stood no chance at all."

"We're going to take an apartment on Michigan Avenue, near the Auditorium," said Page, "and keep house. We've talked it all over, and know just how much it will cost to live and keep one servant. I'm going to serve the loveliest little dinners; I've learned the kind of cooking he likes already. Oh, I guess there he is now," she cried, as they heard the front door close

Landry came in, carrying a great bunch of cut flowers and a box of candy. He was as spruce as though he were already the bridegroom, his cheeks pink, his blond hair radiant. But he was thin and a little worn, a dull, feverish glitter came and went in his eyes, and his nervousness, the strain and excitement which beset him, was in his every gesture, in every word of his rapid speech.

"We'll have to hurry," he told Page "I must be down there hours ahead of him this morning."

"How is Curtis?" demanded Laura. "Have you seen him lately? How is he getting on with—with his speculating?"

Landry made a sharp gesture of resignation

"I don't know," he answered. "I guess nobody knows. We had a fearful day yesterday, but I think we controlled the situation at the end. We ran the price up and up and up till I thought it would never stop. If the Pit thought Mr. Jadwin was beaten, I guess they found out how they were mistaken. For a time there we were just driving them. But then Mr. Gretry sent word to us in the Pit to sell, and we couldn't hold them. They came back at us like wolves; they beat the price down five cents in as many minutes. We had to quit selling, and buy again. But then Mr. Jadwin went at them with a rush. Oh, it was grand. We steadied the price at a dollar and fifteen, stiffened it up to eighteen and a half, and then sent it up again, three cents at a time, till we'd hammered it back to a dollar and a quarter."

"But Curtis himself," inquired Laura, "is he all right—is he well?"

"I only saw him once," answered Landry. "He was in Mr. Gretry's office. Yes, he looked all right. He's nervous, of course. But Mr. Gretry looks like the sick man. He looks all frazzled out."

"I guess we'd better be going," said Page, getting up from the table. "Have you had your breakfast, Landry? Won't you have some coffee?

"Oh, I breakfasted hours ago," he answered. "But you are right. We had better be moving. If you are going to get a seat in the gallery you must be there half an hour ahead of time, to say the least. Shall I take any word to your husband from you, Mrs. Jadwin?"

"Tell him that I wish him good luck," she answered, "and—yes, ask him if he remembers what day of the month this is—or no, don't ask him that. Say nothing about it. Just tell him I send him my very best love and that I wish him all the success in the world"

It was about nine o'clock when Landry and Page reached the foot of La Salle Street The morning was fine and cool. The sky over the Board of Trade sparkled with sunlight, and the air was full of fluttering wings of the multitude of pigeons that lived off of the leakage of grain around the Board of Trade building.

"Mr. Cressler used to feed them regularly," said Landry as they paused on the street corner opposite the Board. "Poor, poor Mr. Cressler—the funeral is to-morrow, you know."

Page shut her eyes.

"Oh," she murmured, "think, think of Laura finding him there like that. Oh, it would have killed me, it would have killed me"

Somehow," observed Landry, a puzzled expression in his eyes—"Somehow, by George! she don't seem to mind very much. You'd have thought a shock like that would have made her sick."

"Oh! Laura," cried Page. "I don't know her any more these days, she is just like stone—just as though she were crowding down every emotion or any feeling she ever had. She seems to be holding herself in with all her strength—for something—and afraid to let go a finger, for fear she would give way altogether. When she told me—about that morning at the Cresslers' house—her voice was just like ice; she said, 'Mr. Cressler has shot himself. I found him dead in his library.' She never shed a tear and she spoke, oh, in such a dreadful monotone. Oh! dear," cried Page, "I wish all this was over, and we could all get away from Chicago, and take Mr. Jadwin with us, and get him back to be as he used to be, always so light-hearted and thoughtful and kindly. He used to be making jokes from morning till night. Oh, I loved him just as if he were my father."

They crossed the street, and Landry, taking her by the arm, ushered her into the corridor on the ground floor of the Board

"Now, keep close to me," he said, "and see if we can get through somewhere here."

The stairs leading up to the main floor were already crowded with visitors, some standing in line close to the wall, others aimlessly wandering up and down, looking and listening, their heads in the air. One of these, a gentleman with a tall white hat, shook his head at Landry and Page as they pressed by him

"You can't get up there," he said, "even if they let you in. They're packed in like sardines already.

But Landry reassured Page with a knowing nod of his head

"I told the guide up in the gallery to reserve a seat for you. I guess we'll manage."

But when they reached the staircase that connected the main floor with the visitors' gallery it became a question as to whether or not they could even get to the seat. The crowd was packed solidly upon the stairs, between the wall and the balustrades. There were men in top hats and women in silks; while mixed with these one saw the faded and shabby wrecks that perennially drifted about the Board of Trade, the failures who sat on the chairs of the customers' rooms day in and day out reading old newspapers, smoking vile cigars. And there were young men of the type of clerks and bookkeepers, young men with drawn, worn faces, and hot, tired eyes, who pressed upward, silent, their lips compressed, listening intently to the indefinite, echoing murmur that was filling the building.

For on this morning of the thirteenth of June the Board of Trade, its halls, corridors, offices and stairways were already thrilling with a vague and terrible sound. The trading would not begin for another half hour, but even now the mutter of the whirlpool, the growl of the Pit, was making itself felt.

(Continued on Page 18)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED A.D 1728

Published every Saturday by

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

421 to 427 Arch Street, Philadelphia

Subscription $1.00 the Year—5 Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

The paid circulation of the January 3d number of The Saturday Evening Post was 430,000 copies.

Important Notice to Readers

On February 1st the subscription price of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST will be doubled. Until February 1st you can subscribe for the magazine for a whole year—52 weeks—for only one dollar. After February 1st the price will be $2.00 the year.

Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ No man is a hero to his press agent.

¶ A banknote's beauty depends upon its figure.

¶ When people are absolutely certain, doubt smiles.

¶ Man's supreme vanity is his belief that he is less vain than woman.

¶ Some hunt trouble; some go to law, and some buy on the installment plan.

The Last Inch

THE difference between ordinary and extraordinary men is not so considerable as many think. The *great* are only a little greater than their fellows.

Two students in an American university were rivals for the headship of their class. One had a grade of 98.4 and the other 98 5. It was a small difference, only one-tenth of one. At last the student who lacked that necessary tenth to be the equal of his competitor watched the other's window at night. He put out his light and still watched the window. He saw that his opponent studied fifteen minutes longer than he did on the morrow's lessons. He waited until that window was dark, and then lighting his own lamp he studied thirty minutes longer. This he did, night after night, watching the window, and studying only a little longer than he had studied before, and at the close of that semester received a grade of 99.6. He won by virtue of that *little more*.

It has been said, "The world pays a big price for the last two or three inches." A poet puts it

A little *more*, and how much it is;
A little *less*, and what worlds away!

It is not always a matter of time and application. It is sometimes a question of natural capacity. The great man has been endowed with a little more wisdom, a little more foresight, a little more genius than most men; so he leaves them behind in the race. But in a large number of instances it is a matter of industry, of enthusiasm, of persistence. Many who fail stop only a *little* short of all that is needed to succeed

A Sure Investment

AND now comes a professor in a Western university with the glad tidings that humanity's ages-old dream of independence is within reach of every man because under modern conditions $200 a year will keep one fed, clothed and lodged, and leave something over for amusement. And, as if to confirm this good cheer, we have the President of the Steel Trust saying that he has tried living on five hundred a year and on five hundred thousand, and was better off on five hundred.

It is no discredit to the advice to these worthy men to point out that the professor is not living on two hundred a year, but on not less than six times two hundred, and that the President of the Steel Trust is still pushing the work on his three or is it four?—million-dollar house overlooking the Hudson in New York City. Many's the preacher whose frailties of flesh prevent him from obeying the maxims of mind. If we accepted truth only from those who exemplify it we should not be able to believe even ourselves

But is it true that a man would be wise to live on two or five hundred dollars a year if he could earn enough to live better than that? Isn't there something wrong with the Western professor's idea of independence? Isn't there something wrong with the President of the Steel Trust's idea of happiness? Would a man, who from choice lived on a few hundred dollars a year and was happy, be desirable as a friend, a father, a brother, a son, a husband, a citizen, a human being?

There is no question that the first aim of every sensible man is to achieve independence; and that undoubtedly means sacrifice to lay by something for the rainy days and the enforced rest of extreme old age. But——

For most of the days of the years of a man's life from twenty until seventy, or, if he takes good care of his health, eighty even, independence does not consist in a bank account or in property of any kind. It consists in a well-trained brain and well-trained hands and good health. Other kinds of capital are subject to countless perils, to endless fluctuations in value. There is never a moment, good times or bad, when the capable brain and capable hands are not in demand. If anything, they are more in demand in bad times than in good. Good times bring employment to all, regardless of capacity; and often the good worker of whatever kind is then relatively least benefited. In bad times the capable man is master of the situation, for he alone can save it from ruin.

The mere "nest-egg" kind of independence has its greatest charm for the lazy fellow who longs to quit work and is always afraid he'll be invited to do so. If an intelligent, capable, energetic man, in the pursuit of that kind of independence, should stint himself body and brain, should follow the miserly prescriptions of the parsimony-preaching professor, where would be his gain? He would go through this fair world like the fellow who rides on the trucks of the car-wheels to save himself the expense of a railway ticket. He would be the man who sold his birthright for a mess of pottage. Instead of expanding, his nature would be ever contracting. Instead of learning, he would be ever fighting against learning—if he should learn, he might acquire expensive tastes and so increase expenses. Friends, wife, children, social connections, he would have none of them—all such are costly. And they would have none of him. He would better go hang than adopt the professor's prescription.

In a day when the greatest capitalists tremble before the superior brain of a man who despises money, what nonsense to dream of independence in any true and noble sense through skimping and skimflinting and starving and self-degradation for the sake of a nest-egg that may be stolen or stale or rotten when the time comes to use it.

As for the Steel President's eulogy of the superior days of five hundred a year, possibly he would not have uttered it had his notion of happiness been a little more respectful of his nerves and his stomach. True, a man who has nothing is in no danger of overeating. But that does not constitute an argument for starvation, nor does it impair the truth that a man who has more than enough is not absolutely bound to try to eat it all at once

It is easier to refrain from unwise pleasures on five hundred a year than on five hundred thousand. But it is not difficult so to spend five hundred thousand a year that one's own happiness will be great—great especially in the happiness and prosperity of those whom that five hundred thousand, judiciously invested, usefully and honorably employs.

Your Pet Superstition

MR. WISTER proposes to follow his Virginian with a novel centring about the belief in vampires which, he has discovered, survives in its ancient vigor "within sound of New England express locomotives."

At first blush this survival seems astounding. But when Mr. Wister's novel starts the discussion, as it doubtless will, we shall probably learn that there is no part of the country, not even the precincts of our colleges and universities, without its superstitions full as absurd if not so quaint as the belief in vampires. The fact is, science is too new, too modern, to have made the impression upon credulity we commonly credit to it

Andrew Jackson believed all his life that the world was flat. In his earlier period he believed it aggressively; in later years even his stern moral fibre yielded to dread of ridicule, and he received an assertion that the world was round with a sullen, angry silence almost as eloquent as speech. Beyond question the demonstrations of science have not convinced thousands of intelligent people who have Jacksonian discretion as to concealing their disbelief or are constrained by fear of ridicule to hypocritical profession of belief. If this is true of scientific matters, how much wider-spread must be credulity in matters with which science deals only indirectly. Fortune-tellers, palmists, shell-gazers, mediums, soothsayers do a smashing business—and all of us know that their customers are among our friends, and not among the illiterate. Indeed, how many of us have not a lingering belief, or at least an absence of a clear and positive disbelief, in regard to some superstition—dreams, or ghosts, or posts, or numbers, or ladders? Are you sure that you yourself are convinced beyond the shadow of a doubt of the truth of science's basic theory—the law of causation? Do you understand, as you understand why two and two are four, why palmistry and fortune-telling and thirteen at table and the like are nonsense—are of a piece with the child's belief in Santa Claus and Cotton Mather's belief in witches and King Edward's belief in the Evil Eye?

Of all peoples we are the least superstitious—partly because we have been so long and so far away from the folk-lore of Europe, chiefly because we are the best-educated people in the world in the education of modern science. Yet there is by no means so much difference as there should be between our day and that of the assassination of "Great Julius," when—

The sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets.

The reason is—imperfect education. Perfect education makes one not only know but also know why he knows. It trains the mind to reason. It takes the child with "why?" ever on its lips and develops its mind naturally by answering its "why?" by encouraging it to reason out the answer. And the result is that to learn becomes a pleasure. Reason is the knife and fork with which proper education cuts up the mass of knowledge into bits that can be digested and assimilated. But unfortunately our education has too much of the quick lunch about it. It rests on the notion that knowledge is the end and aim, whereas the truth is that knowledge is a mere means of developing the reasoning faculty which will enable the man or woman to meet and solve the varied problems life presents to the mind.

When we think how little time is spent in teaching a child to reason, how often its "why?" is "sat upon," we no longer wonder that so many children begin bright and grow steadily less inquiring, less fond of knowledge; and we understand why superstitious credulity dies hard even among the so-called educated, if indeed it be dying. The startling neglect of the simple yet vital science and art of reasoning is wholly responsible for those amazing differences of opinion about matters as to which reasonable people cannot disagree. It explains why so many are ready to believe almost anything, why so few of those who believe right have a clear notion of the grounds of their beliefs. It explains, perhaps more fully than we suspect, the moral vagaries of those who apparently ought to know better—children of educated, affectionate, exemplary parents.

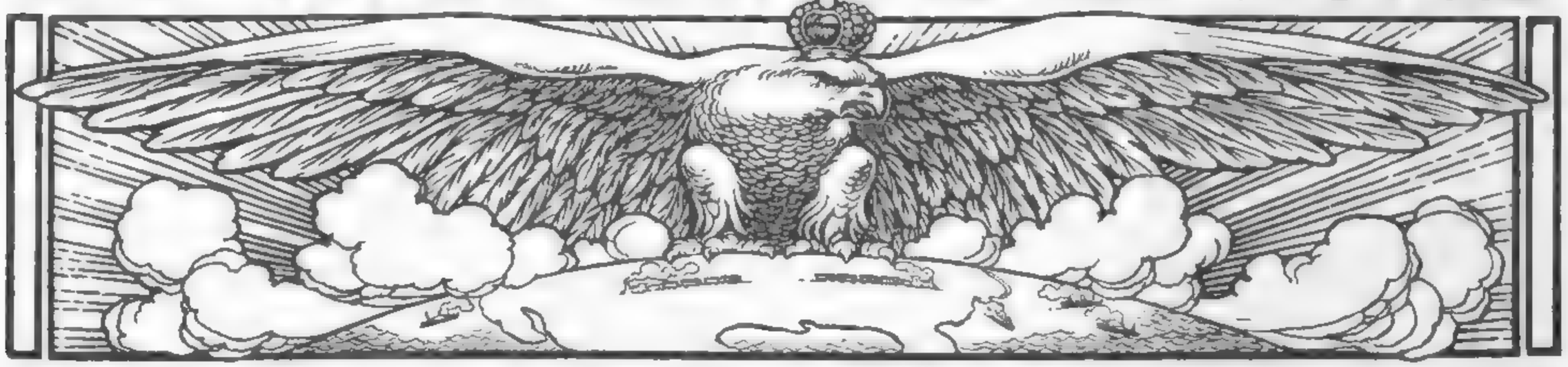
Teaching a child to reason should be as much a matter of course as teaching it to walk or to read and write.

The Passing of the "Strenuous Life"

STRENUOSITY has palled. We have heard so much of it that we skip the phrase just as we grew wearied of the word crank or of the apt innocuous desuetude. Within the present year five college presidents made speeches from the same platform. All but one mentioned the strenuous life Four Cabinet officials opened the campaign. All were true to the strenuous. But there was so much of it that audiences began to smile, and when ridicule begins strenuosity quits. Even President Roosevelt in one of his latest speeches dropped strenuosity and pleaded eloquently for the simple life, which is only another phrase for the practical life.

Change and not idleness is the only true rest. Edison reads novels. Morgan loves art. District Attorney Jerome is a first-rate carpenter. Lord Salisbury is an expert chemist. President Cassatt is the best road-builder in the United States. In literature—the clearing-house of ability—astonishment is frequent that the best books are not written by professional writers. In the recent unprecedented irruption of fiction there are many business names, and they will increase with the years. We investigate and we find that all great work can be traced back to business and its discipline. The living principle of constant work is based on business. With the experience and variety it gives comes the broader understanding of life and character. When this gets upon the printed page it is real; when it is expressed in dollars and cents it counts mightily; when it shows in men and women it makes for higher and better living; when it is summed up in all its relations it exhibits the credit totals of society and civilization.

The MONEY KINGS of the WORLD



By WILLIAM T. STEAD

Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan

THE last time I saw Mr. Pierpont Morgan was in St. Paul's Cathedral. It was at the funeral service of Cecil Rhodes. Mr. Morgan had arrived in London only the previous day and I hardly expected that he would be able to be present to pay the last tribute of respect to his great predecessor. There he was, however, sitting in the most conspicuous stall in the choir, and looking down upon the sea of faces which filled every nook and corner of the vast cathedral. As Edward VII attended as chief mourner the obsequies of Queen Victoria, so Mr. Pierpont Morgan was properly conspicuous when the last solemn rites were paid to the African Colossus. Cecil Rhodes was dead and Pierpont Morgan reigned in his stead.

Mr. Pierpont Morgan, unlike many of the Money Kings of the present day, was born in the purple. He was the son of a famous banker, in the line of financial succession, an heir apparent from his birth, whereas most of the Money Kings, like Cecil Rhodes, have forced their way to the front ranks from the outside, as American Presidents have made their way from log cabin to White House. Physically Mr. Morgan bears some resemblance to Mr. Rhodes in that both were men above the average stature and of commanding physique. But there the resemblance ceased. Pierpont Morgan, although sixty-five years of age, is a man of physical vigor and robust vitality. Cecil Rhodes died of heart disease before he reached his fiftieth year. If Mr. Morgan, like Mr. Rhodes, had died before he had completed his half century his name would long ago have been forgotten. Before then he was merely a banker in a good way of business, intelligent, trustworthy, with a wide range of interests outside Wall Street. But that was all. His present commanding position in the world was achieved after he had passed his sixtieth year. In this he differs from most of his countrymen, whose signal victories have often been achieved at an age when a European considers that his career is only beginning.

The Achievements of the Great Amalgamation

Mr. Rhodes' great financial reputation arose from his skill in amalgamating the various diamond companies which now form the colossal trust known as the De Beers Consolidated Mines. Mr. Pierpont Morgan has consolidated nearly every kind of business in the world excepting the mining for diamonds, in which he has up to the present shown little interest.

But, whereas Mr. Rhodes used his financial amalgamations chiefly, if not solely, for the purpose of acquiring political power, Mr. Pierpont Morgan, like the proverbial cobbler sticks to his last. His domain is in the world of business. His operations necessarily involve political questions, but indirectly. We have as yet no indication that the American Money King, when he has consolidated his financial position, will use it as a throne from which to influence the policy of nations. Mr. Rhodes for many years was regarded, even by his intimate associates, as a mere financier and millionaire. It was only those in his intimate confidence who were aware of the far-reaching designs which he cherished in the inner recesses of his secret mind. It may be the same with Mr. Pierpont Morgan, who may yet carry out on a vaster scale projects which, although based on finance, will be distinctly political. This, however, is merely a speculation. No such horrifying idea has yet dawned on the sluggish imagination of the Englishman. He is quite sufficiently scared already by the spectre of Pierpont Morgan as the master of the financial resources of the world. If he were seriously to contemplate the idea of Mr. Morgan following in Mr. Rhodes' footsteps and using his wealth for political ends, his existence would become a waking nightmare. Even as it is, Mr. Morgan is regarded in the Old World as the uncrowned King of America.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth paper on this subject by Mr. Stead. The next will appear in an early number.

His personality overshadows even that of the masterful occupant of the White House, and it struck no one with surprise that Mr. Roosevelt did not succeed in bringing about a settlement of the coal strike until Mr. Morgan intervened, and by inducing the operators to consent to arbitration saved the Atlantic seaboard from the imminent horrors of a coal famine in the depths of winter.

Mr. Rhodes, it used to be said, thinks in continents. But his successor, it might be said with equal justice, seems to meditate in hemispheres. Mr. Rhodes was the Colossus of Africa; Mr. Pierpont Morgan is the Colossus of two worlds. With the right foot planted in Wall Street, the left in Capel Court, he bestrides the Atlantic, and prepares for the economic conquest of the world. Such is, at least, the vision of Mr. Morgan which affrights and fascinates the imagination of dwellers on one side of the Atlantic.

Last summer Mr. Gates declared that Mr. Morgan was but in his infancy, and that what he has done is nothing to what he means to do. His schemes, according to Mr. Gates, embrace the entire world. Whether this be so or not Mr. Morgan has realized sufficient of his schemes to satisfy the ambition of a financial Napoleon. It is not the place here to enter with detail into the great financial combinations by which he has dazzled everybody. The financial assistance he has rendered from time to time to the American Government does not differ materially from that which the Rothschilds have rendered to other governments. His fame broadly rests upon three great achievements. The first was the great amalgamation of the railroads, the second the great combination known as the Steel Trust, and the third, and by far the most sensational from the European point of view, is the great combination of the Atlantic steamship lines. Around these three great "Things Done" in the career of the great Amalgamator there are crowded an infinity of minor undertakings, any one of which would have made the fortune of an ordinary man, but which constitute a mere background of detail important only as showing up in broader relief the great achievements of his life. I shall not trouble the readers of this sketch with elaborate statistics as to the number of dollars controlled by this or that combination which Mr. Morgan has brought into being. If, as I have said, Mr. Morgan meditates in hemispheres, the figures of his financial operations need to be stated in figures which are usually reserved for describing the distances between the fixed stars.

Morgan's Nine-Billion-Dollar Kingdom

People talk a great deal about millions, but none of us realizes what is a million, much less a billion. Even the possessor of a million has but a vague realization of the amount of his investments. To attempt a catalogue of all the enterprises which Mr. Morgan has touched with his Midas finger would occupy all the space of this article, and the only effect of a rapid summary of all the capital of the various trusts and combinations with which Mr. Morgan has been concerned would be to confuse the mind by a vast jumble of figures. What with millions here and millions there and billions round the corner the reader feels as bewildered as Alice in Wonderland. He is hopelessly lost. He acquires only a vague sense of vast resources all centring in Mr. Morgan's office in Wall Street, and stretching out to infinity. Suffice it to say that, according to the statement current at the time when Mr. Morgan intervened to settle the coal strike, the associated capital of the enterprises with which he was connected in one shape or another was stated to have mounted up to $9,000,000,000, a sum which is easily written down on paper, but whose full meaning transcends the human imagination. To invert Mr. Carlyle's phrase concerning the nest which owns sixpence being the master of the world to the length of that sixpence, Mr. Morgan's monarchy and mastery may be measured by the nine thousand million dollars over which he exercises more or less control. That may be regarded as the limit of his kingdom.

It is not generally believed that Mr. Morgan is himself a very rich man when compared with such a Crœsus as Mr. Rockefeller. As one of his friends declares, if he is allowed to boss the show he does not care who gets the money—a statement that is true only with limitations. That he is a multi-millionaire in his own right is, of course, admitted, but the millions over which Mr. Morgan has the right of ownership are as nothing compared with the millions he is able to influence by the ascendency which he has obtained over the imagination of mankind, and the confidence with which he is regarded by the millionaires of London and New York. Just as the German Emperor is King over the comparatively small area of Prussia, but possesses more or less sovereign rights over the wider area of the German Empire, and is able by virtue of his alliances to control the whole naval and military resources of Austria-Hungary and Italy, so Mr. Morgan, from the nucleus of his own fortune as a banker, exercises over other fortunes power in very much the same way as that wielded by the German Emperor in varying degrees over different properties.

A Comparison with the German Kaiser

If the position of Mr. Morgan resembles that of the German Emperor in the varying degrees of control which he exercises in the one case over territory and in the other case over capital, there is also considerable similarity between the two men. Yet if current report may be believed the Kaiser was considerably disappointed in Mr. Morgan owing to his lack of interest and total indifference to such a phenomenon as the growth of modern Socialism.

"Try as I could," the Kaiser is reported to have said, "his conversation failed to reveal to me that he had any clear comprehension of the vast harmonies and conflicts of the commercial universe. I was amazed to find him not well informed regarding the historical and philosophical development of nations. His political economy leaves him unconcerned regarding Socialism, which undoubtedly will soon constitute the most stupendous question everywhere. Mr. Morgan confessed that he had never been sufficiently interested to study into exactly what Socialism means."

Although the Kaiser has fêted Mr. Morgan almost as a brother monarch he has always regarded him somewhat askance. Some two or three years ago, meeting a party of French tourists in Norway, the Kaiser expressed grave misgivings as to the impalpable, unassailable power which Mr. Morgan might exercise in the control of the mercantile marine of the world. Mr. Morgan's exploit in securing the lion's share of the transatlantic shipping was not calculated to diminish the uneasiness with which he is watched by his contemporary sovereign. The old saying of Frederick the Great that there could be no war between England and Prussia because it was impossible for a lion and a whale to fight, as they are creatures of different elements, may be applied to this case, for it is still more impossible for the Kaiser with his millions of trained soldiers to fight Mr. Morgan who dwells in the empyrean of finance. The men are quite sufficiently akin in temperament to understand each other. Both are distinctively men of the century, vibrating in keenest sympathy with all the excitements and sensations of their time. Both are active and energetic, constantly in evidence, touching life at a thousand points. The Kaiser is always making speeches, and Mr. Morgan makes none, but both live continually in the glare of publicity. The fierce light which beats

upon a throne in Europe is nothing to the light of publicity which the American newspaper throws upon the master of many millions. The Kaiser is ambitious, and his ambitions point, like those of Mr. Pierpont Morgan, to the acquisition of power upon the sea. But it is probable that the older man entertains vaster schemes than any of those in which the Kaiser dares to indulge. The Continental monarchies are confined within their rigid limits, and the range of their activity for good or for evil is necessarily very circumscribed. In the world of finance the Money King knows no frontiers. He can roam at will over the whole planet.

But therein, in the absence of limitation, is the great temptation which may yet lure Mr. Morgan as it has lured others to destruction. When Verestchagin exhibited his pictures of the retreat from Moscow at Berlin the Kaiser is said to have remarked to the artist after going through his gallery, "And yet, notwithstanding this, men dream of universal empire." Therein the Kaiser put his finger upon one of the sins which most easily beset human beings when from any cause they are exalted above their fellows. Swelled head was the malady to which both Napoleon and Cecil Rhodes succumbed. Happy will be Pierpont Morgan if he escapes from the delusion which has been the ruin of all world-conquerors. Mr. Rockefeller is credited or debited with having made the remark that "Mr. Morgan had bitten off more than he could chew," and financiers, like empires, may perish of indigestion.

At present, however, the star of Mr. Pierpont Morgan appears to be on the ascendant. As a multi-millionaire friend of his remarked, Mr. Morgan's friends are more numerous than ever had before. He makes money for them all, which is indeed a very solid foundation for friendship, gratitude and loyalty. Looked at from that distance which lends enchantment to the view, Mr. Morgan appears in a much more attractive light than some of his great compeers in the world of finance. He has striven for peace, for the consolidation of mutual interests which were endangered by ruinous rivalry. He has never been a wrecker, but has evolved from the wreckage of warring interests a great and prosperous combination which so far has never deceived its shareholders or oppressed the public. 'Tis excellent to have a giant's strength but tyrannous to use it like a giant, and so far Mr. Morgan has not been tyrannous. Temptation, however, is always present with power. Absolute sovereignty has usually depraved its possessors, and it is difficult to contemplate with serene complacency the ascent of any human being to a position in which his will or caprice may be the ruin of millions of his fellow-men, who would neither have chance of remedy nor hope of appeal.

A Good Instance of the Morgan Method

To observers in England Mr. Morgan's attitude in business affairs is as eminently reasonable and conciliatory as his personal manners are brusque, if not rough. Like Mr. Rhodes he ever preferred a dicker to a fight. His dealings with the British Government with regard to the Atlantic traffic supply admirable illustrations of what may be called the Morgan method. He first secured his position so as to be ready for war or peace with the companies that were left out of the great combine. Then, finding that the British Government was disposed to back up his rivals, he promptly hauled down the signal for battle, and entered into an arrangement with Great Britain with which both parties profess themselves to be entirely satisfied. He had previously disarmed the opposition of the German Emperor by the arrangement which he made with the two great German steamship companies. If Mr. Morgan were to die now it is possible that a future historian might idealize him into the great peacemaker of his time, the man who, like a more fortunate Falkland, was continually "ingeminating peace." His great maxim to unite in order to conquer, and its related saying that competition is criminal which deprives shareholders of their dividends, might lead him after a time to be regarded as the John the Baptist of a new and happier era in which cooperation will take the place of opposition, and the social millennium will dawn upon the world.

That Mr. Morgan sees himself in this light is very much to be doubted. He is a shrewd business man, a banker who saw the capital of his friends and customers wasted by a policy of cut-throat competition on the part of the various industrial concerns in which they were engaged. In order to check this he came forward as the advocate of the principle of combination and cooperation, and so far he has unquestionably achieved a great success. He was the first banker who leaving his counting house went to his clients, and instead of merely consenting to receive and invest their money, suggested to them methods by which they could employ it to better advantage than they were doing. It was he who approached Mr. Carnegie and induced him to make the deal which led to the foundations of the great Steel Trust. He has been described as a glorified commission agent, the greatest in the world, who is constantly on the look-out for business, not for the sake of money so much as for the joy of action and the consciousness of power.

Mr. Morgan is distinctly a survival of the old time Americans. He is said to be a thorough-going American of the newest school, believing in the Americanization of the world, but he is almost as much European in his culture as American. Though he was born in 1837 in Connecticut, he finished his university career in Germany. He went into business about the same time as Lincoln was elected to the Presidency of the United States, and soon established his reputation as a man of great intelligence and financial ability. Ten years later he became a member of the firm of Drexel, Morgan & Co. In 1878 Drexel dropped out, and Mr. Morgan became head of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co. in London and New York. Although he has handled almost every kind of business, and is solidly interested in all manner of undertakings all over the world, he has stuck to his own profession. He is a banker and a commission agent. He is at the head of railroads, steamship companies, and all manner of enterprises, but he is personally concerned with the management of none. In England he has not yet made any appearance in the political arena, and no one knows what view he takes of the questions which divide English parties. In the United States his only effective intervention so far as it was visible arose when he used his influence, and used it decisively, in favor of the gold standard. This, however, might be regarded as a legitimate exercise of money-power in politics, the financier employing his resources in order to secure the defeat of a party which threatened to depreciate the value of his securities. This principle, however, might carry a man very far.

The Legitimate Direction of His Ambition

In foreign politics and international relations Mr. Morgan has not yet loomed before the world as one of the new Great Powers which must be reckoned with in the redistribution of territory and the making of war. Various rumors are current as to his intentions as to the Isthmus and in South America, and his interests in the Trans-Andean Railway which is to connect Valparaiso with Buenos Ayres may lead him to take as keen an interest in South American politics as Mr. Rhodes took in the politics of South Africa. This, however, is doubtful, for South America can never be more than a mere subsidiary interest in the vast sum of Mr. Morgan's enterprises. But if Money Kings are subject to the same laws as those which govern other sovereigns nothing will be more easy than for him to find himself involved in a dispute in some outlying region in which he has only a minor interest. This might compel him to use all his resources to vindicate his position, though the game might not be worth the candle.

The great political rôle which seems reserved for Mr. Morgan, if he lives and his star does not begin to wane, would seem to be the promotion of a great combine between the British Empire and the American Republic. Very few men are better placed than he for undoing the results of the folly of George III. Mr. Morgan has already taken in hand the financial annexation of the old country. He is behind the great Electrical Trust which is endeavoring to control the street railways of Great Britain, and for that end is waging war against the development of municipal Socialism. He aspires to supply London with quick transit, and is believed, probably without reason, to be behind a great movement for transforming the Upper Thames into a gigantic dock. As he bought up the British steamships, and then entered into an arrangement with the British Government for the joint working of the remaining vessels, so he may go on buying up controlling interests in British and Colonial railways until at last he is in a position to compel the Governments at London and Washington to enter into a combination corresponding in the political sphere with those which he has already engineered in the world of finance. A combine of the whole English-speaking world would be an enterprise worthy even of the American Napoleon.

It is a curious illustration of the extent to which the personality and achievements of Mr. Morgan dominate the English imagination that the English papers some time ago published a curious story to the effect that Mr. Morgan, who is well known as a devout member of the Episcopalian Church, was meditating schemes of Christian reunion on a scale which would dwarf all the puny efforts that have heretofore been made in that direction. Being himself a very liberal-minded man he has never concealed his admiration for the work of the Roman Catholic Church as a factor making for morality and progress. It was said that he did not see why there should not be a great Christian Combine, in which the Pope on the one hand and all the Protestant Churches on the other might form a trust for the Christianizing of the world. I do not suppose that Mr. Morgan ever entertained such a scheme, but to the shrewd, practical, business instincts of the American financier the formation of such a trust would seem to be inevitable if the Christian Churches were as keen for salvation of souls as business men are for dividends.

Unlike many Money Kings who atrophy all their faculties by their exclusive concentration upon the pursuit of money, Mr. Morgan has always been, and remains to this day, a very human man. He enjoys the material pleasures of life, and plunges eagerly into all manner of pursuits. Whether he is breeding fancy dogs at his famous kennels, taking the collection on Sunday, sitting among the Bishops in conference of the American Episcopal Church, entertaining Sir Thomas Lipton after the defeat of Shamrock as Commodore of the New York Yacht Club, buying pictures on which he is said to have spent $5,000,000 this year, or whether he is cruising all alone on his yacht, The Corsair, he is intensely alive. "I have seen Mr. Morgan many times," said a friend, "under all sorts of circumstances and in many varying moods, but I never saw him calm. He is always more or less excited about something, and always tremendously in earnest about whatever he may happen to be doing."

Considering Mr. Morgan's qualifications for the great part which he is playing in the world it must be admitted, even by himself, that he has one fatal defect. The man who aspires to be the great Amalgamator of the world, and who has set himself to establish dominion over all the great industrial and financial interests of the planet, ought not to be sixty-five years of age. His expectation of life is too short to justify the belief that he will be able to consolidate the dominion to which he is believed to aspire. Supposing Mr. Morgan were to die—who would succeed? The Rothschilds founded a dynasty, but the Rothschilds of to-day bear little resemblance to the shrewd and energetic founder of the family. Sufficient, however, to the day is the evil thereof, and while Mr. Morgan lives we must well make the most of him, and after he is gone remember him with respect, possibly with gratitude, as a man of supreme financial genius, who used his talents for the purpose of avoiding strife and of promoting peace, and whose fame is not sullied by a resort to any of the methods by which some of his contemporaries built up their great fortunes on the ruin of their fellow-citizens.

Like Another Carlyle

"I WENT to President Roosevelt recently," said a man of some prominence, "and submitted to him a problem in my career which had all but discouraged me. A few minutes in the presence of the President, who is a philosopher as well as man of action, rekindled my determination to conquer in spite of every obstacle.

The President told me that whenever he heard of any one inclined to shrink from obstacles or to sink under catastrophe he liked to call attention to a case which came to his notice when he was a member of the Civil Service Commission.

"It was in regard to General W. W. Duffield, formerly chief of the Coast and Geodetic Survey. For a quarter of a century, the President informed me, that scientist had been engaged on a formidable and immensely valuable mathematical work devoted to ten-place logarithms.

These calculations of half a lifetime filled about five thousand pages of foolscap. The intricate and exhaustive tables and equations were of such value and the prospect of their publication of such a constant hope to their author that he carried them about with him in an old-fashioned carpet-bag.

"The scientist's obvious concern on all occasions for his carpet bag finally attracted the attention of professional thieves, who suspected that it contained a hoarded fortune in bills and bonds. Watching their opportunity one of the criminals engaged the venerable scientist in conversation while a confederate decamped with the bag. To the thief the contents were doubtless regarded as worthless. Nothing was ever heard of the manuscript.

"It was a tragic blow to the scientist, and would have been a serious loss to mathematicians in general had General Duffield given up. On the contrary, he did not waste a day in despair but grimly set to work at once reproducing his tables.

"They were finally published by the Government in a volume of 800 pages. In astronomy and in the daily calculations of actuaries in the United States Treasury and other large financial institutions it is regarded as indispensable.

"The history of this book was a mighty instructive lesson to me," added the narrator, "and I am grateful to the President for calling my attention to it."

YVONNE

by Elise Garmans

What is that spreading light far over the sea,
In the thin cool dawn, in the wash of the summer air,
When the planets pale and the soft winds fail,
But Yvonne with her yellow hair?

What is that deep, dark shine in the heart of the sea,
The glory and glow and darkle and dim surprise,
Melting and clear beyond fathom of fear
But Yvonne with her smoke-blue eyes?

What is that burning disk on the rim of the sea,
When autumn brushfires smoulder and birds go South,
When twilight fills the imperial hills
But Yvonne with her scarlet mouth?

THE LITERARY SENSE

The Second Best

By E. NESBIT

THE letter was brief and abrupt. "I am in London I have just come back from Jamaica. Will you come to see me? I can be in at any time you appoint."

There was no signature, but he knew the handwriting well enough. The letter came to him by the morning post, sandwiched between his tailor's bill and a catalogue of Rare and Choice Editions

He read it twice. Then he got up from the breakfast table unlocked a drawer and took out a packet of letters and a photograph.

"I ought to have burned them long ago," he said. "I'll burn them now" He did burn them, but first he read them through, and as he read them he sighed more than once They were passionate, pretty letters, the phrases simply turned out, the endearments delicately chosen They breathed of love and constancy and faith, a faith that should move mountains, a love that should shine like gold in the furnace of adversity a constancy that death itself should be powerless to shake And he sighed—no later love had come to draw with soft lips the poison from this old wound. She had married Benolick, the West Indian Jew. It is a far cry from Jamaica to London, but some whispers had reached him The kindest of them said that Benolick neglected his wife the harshest that he b at her

He looked at the photograph It was [illegible] had seen the living woman. Yet still, when he shut his eyes, he could see the delicate tints, the coral, the rose, and pearl and gold that went to the making of her He could always see these. And now he should see the reality Would the two years have dulled that bright hair, withered at all that flower-face? For he never doubted that he must go to her

He was a lawyer; perhaps she wanted that sort of help from him, wanted to know how to rid herself of the bitter bad bargain she had made Whatever he could do he would, of course, but

He went out at once and sent a telegram to her.

"Four to-day."

And at four o'clock he found himself on the doorstep of a house in Eaton Square. He hated the wealthy look of the house, the footman who opened the door, and the thick carpet of the stairs up which he was led. He hated the soft luxury of the room in which he was left to wait for her. Everything spoke—decorously and without shouting, but with unmistakable distinctness of money, Benolick's money; money that had been able to buy all these beautiful things, and, as one of them, to buy *her*.

She came in quietly Long, simple folds of gray trailed after her; she wore no ornament of any kind. Her fingers were ringless, every one. He saw all this but before he saw anything else he saw that the two years had taken nothing from her charm, had indeed but added a wistful, patient look that made her seem more a child than when he had last seen her

The meaningless contact of their hands was over, and still neither had spoken. She was looking at him questioningly The silence appeared silly; there was, and there could be, no emotion to justify, to transfigure it. He spoke

"How do you do?" he said

She drew a deep breath and lifted her eyebrows slightly

"Won't you sit down?" she said. "You are looking just like you used to" She had the tiniest lisp—once it had used to charm him

"You, too, are quite your old self," he said Then there was a pause

"Aren't you going to say anything?" she said

"It was you who sent for me," said he.

"Yes

"Why did you?"

"I wanted to see you." She opened her pretty child-eyes at him and he noted, only to resent bitterly, the appeal in them. He remembered that old appealing look too well

"No, Madam," he said inwardly, "not again! You can't whistle the dog to heel at your will and pleasure I was a fool once, but I'm not fool enough to play the fool with Benolick's wife." Aloud, he said, smiling

"I suppose you did, or you would not have written. And now what can I do for you?"

She leaned forward to look at him.

"Then you really have forgotten? You didn't grieve for me long! You used to say you would never leave off loving me as long as you lived"

"My dear Mrs. Benolick," he said, "if I ever said anything so thoughtless as that I certainly *have* forgotten it."

"Very well," she said, "then go!"

This straight hitting embarrassed him mortally

"But," he said, "I've not forgotten that you and I were once friends, for a little while, and I do beg you to consider me as a friend. Let me help you. You must have some need of a friend's services or you would not have sent for me. I assure you I am entirely at your service. Come, tell me how I can help you——"

"You can't help me at all," she said hopelessly; nobody can, now——"

"I've heard—I hope you'll forgive me for saying so—I've heard that your married life has been—hasn't been——"

"My married life has been hell," she said, "but I don't want to talk about that. I deserved it all."

"But, my dear lady, why not get a divorce—or at least a separation? My services—anything I can do to advise or to——

She sprang from her chair and knelt beside him

Oh, how *could* you think that of me? How could you? He's dead—Benolick's dead I thought you'd understand that by my sending to you. Do you think I'd ever have seen you again as long as *he* was alive? I'm not a wicked woman, dear; I'm only a fool

She had caught the hand that lay on the arm of his chair, her face was pressed on it, and on it he could feel her tears and her kisses

Don't," he said harshly, "don't." But he could not bring himself to draw his hand away otherwise than very gently, and after a decent pause. He stood up and held out his hand She put hers in it, he raised her to her feet and put her back in her chair, and artfully entrenching himself behind a little table, sat down in a very stiff chair with a high seat and gilt legs

She laughed. "Oh, don't trouble! You needn't barricade yourself like a besieged castle. Don't be afraid of me You're really quite safe. I'm not so mad as you think. Only, you know, all this time I've never been able to get the idea out of my head—

He was afraid to ask what idea

"I always believed you meant it that you always would love me just as you said. I was wrong—that's all. Now go! Do go!

He was afraid to go

"No," he said, "let's talk quietly and like the old friends we were before we——

Before we weren't—well?"

He was now afraid to say anything

Look here," she said suddenly, "let *me* talk. There are some things I do really want to say, since you won't let it go without saying. One is that I know now you're not so much to blame as I thought, and I *do* forgive you. I mean it, really, not just pretending forgiveness. I forgive you altogether——

You—forgive *me*

"Yes; didn't you understand that that was what I meant? I didn't want to say 'I forgive you,' and I thought if I sent for you you'd understand."

"You seem to have thought your sending for me a more enlightening move than I found it"

"Yes—because you don't care now If you had you'd have understood

"I really think I should like to understand

What?

Exactly what it is you're kind enough to forgive.'

Why—your never coming to see me. Benolick told me before we'd been married a month that he had got my aunt to stop your letters and mine, so I don't blame you now as I did then. But you might have come when you found I didn't write."

I did come. The house was shut up and the caretaker could give no address.'

Did you really? And there was no address. I never thought of that

"I don't suppose you did," he said savagely; "you never *did* think!"

"Oh, I *was* a fool! I was

Yes

But I have been punished."

'Not you!" he said. "You got what you wanted—money, money, money—the only thing I couldn't give you If it comes to that, why didn't *you* come and see *me*? I hadn't gone away and left no address

"I never thought of it."

"No, of course not"

'And besides, you wouldn't have been there

"I? I sat day after day waiting for a letter

'I never thought of it," she said again, and again he said

No, of course you didn't; you wouldn't, you know——

'Ah, don't—please don't. Oh, you don't know how sorry I've been

But why did you marry him?"

To spite you—to show you I didn't care—because I was in a rage—because I was a fool! You might as well tell me at once that you're in love with some one else."

'Must one always be in love then?" he sneered

"I thought men always were," she said simply. Please tell me

'No, I'm not in love with anybody I have had enough of that to last me for a year or two

"Then—oh, won't you try to like me again? Nobody will ever love you so much as I would—you said I looked just the same——"

Yes but you *aren't* the same

Yes, I am I think really I'm better than I used to be, she said timidly.

"You're *not* the same," he went on, growing angrier to feel that he had allowed himself to grow angry with her. 'You were a girl, and my sweetheart. Now you're a widow—that man's widow! You're not the same. The past can't be undone so easily, I assure you."

"Oh," she cried, clenching her hands, "I know there must be something I could say that you would listen to—oh, I wish I could think what. I suppose as it is I'm saying things no other woman ever would have said—but I don't care—I won't be reserved and dignified—and leave everything to you, like girls in books. I lost too much by that before I will say every single thing I can think of. I *will*! Dearest, you said you would always love me—you don't care for any one else. I *know* you would love me again if you would only let yourself. Won't you forgive me?"

"I can't," he said briefly

"Have you never done anything that needed to be forgiven? I would forgive you anything in the world! Didn't you care for other people before you knew me? And I'm not angry about it. And I never cared for him"

"That only makes it worse," he said

She sprang to her feet. "It makes it worse for me! But if you loved me it ought to make it better for you. If you had loved me with your heart and mind you would be glad to think how little it was, after all, that I did give to that man."

"Sold—not gave——

"Oh, don't spare me! But there's no need to tell *you* not to spare me. But I don't care what you say. You've loved other women. I've never loved any one but you. And yet you can't forgive me!"

'It's not the same," he repeated dully.

"I *am* the *same*—only I'm more patient, I *hope*, and not so selfish. But your pride is hurt, and you think it's not quite the right thing to marry a rich man's widow. And you want to go home and feel how strong and heroic you've been and be proud of yourself because you haven't let me make a fool of you."

It was so nearly true that he denied it instantly

"I don't," he said. "I could have forgiven you anything however wicked you'd been—but I can't forgive you for having been——"

"Been a fool? I can't forgive myself for that, either. My dear, my dear, you don't love any one else, you don't hate me. Do you know that your eyes are quite changed from what they were when you came in? And your voice, and your face—everything. Think, dear, if I am not the same woman you loved, I'm still more like her than any one else in the world. And you did love me—oh, don't hate me for anything I've said. Don't you see I'm fighting for my life? Look at me. I am just like your old sweetheart, only I love you more, and I can understand better now how not to make you unhappy. Ah, don't throw everything away without thinking. I *am* more like the woman you loved than any one else can ever be. What shall I say to you! Oh, God help me!"

She had said enough. The one phrase, "If I am not the same woman you loved, still I am more like her than any one else in the world," had struck straight at his heart. It was true. What if this—the second best—were now the best life had to offer? If he threw this away would any other woman be able to inspire him with any sentiment more like love than this passion of memory, regret, tenderness, pity—this desire to hold, protect and comfort, with which, ever since her tears fell on his hand, he had been fighting in furious frenzy? He looked at the huddled gray figure. He must decide—now, at this moment, he must decide for two lives.

But before he had time to decide anything he found that he had taken her in his arms

"My own, my dear," he was saying again and again, "I didn't mean it. It wasn't true. I love you better than anything. Let's forget it all. I don't care for anything now I have you again."

"Then why——

"Oh, don't let's ask each other questions—let's begin all over again at two years ago. We'll forget all the rest—my dear—my own!"

Of course neither has ever forgotten it, but they always pretend to each other that they have.

Her defiance of the literary sense in him and in her was justified. His literary sense—or some deeper instinct—prompted him to refuse to use Benolick's money. But her acquiescence in his decision reversed it. And they live very comfortably on it to this day

The odd thing is that they are extremely happy. Perhaps it is not, after all, such a bad thing to be quite sure, before marriage, that the second best happiness is all you are likely to get in this world

Editor's Note—This is the first of three stories, each complete in itself—three examples of attempts to order life by the sense of artistic fitness. The next will appear in a February issue.

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LETTERS BY THE WAY

By Charles Battell Loomis

Author of A Man of Putty, Etc.

ON THE ROAD

Dear Reader: Don't you feel sorry for the man who attracts babies? I do. Not that there isn't something very alluring in a nice, clean baby, but as a general thing, when a benignant bachelor goes along the aisle and a baby stretches out his hands and cries "Papa" and "goos" at him, the baby is covered with cracker crumbs and is not pleasant to handle. And as a matter of fact the man so addressed seldom handles the baby, but retires precipitately into the smoker, not realizing what a great compliment has been paid him

Then there's the man who is very neat, not to say Miss Nancyish, and who detests babies It is often his fate to sit in front of a stupid baby who does not realize that the man in front is opposed to all babies in general and any baby in particular, and when the moist hands clutch his immaculate collar, or sticky up his hair with candy, he, too, flees to the smoker, that haven of refuge.

But once in a while there is a real father of a family who enters a train and the babies in all parts of the car rise up and call him "Papa," and he takes them into his arms one after another and acts on them like valerian on a cat. He is not abashed at the paternal term, for he is a father to everything that can say "ta," nor do social conditions nor even a certain amount of dirt affect his affection. It does one's heart good to see the way of such a man with a babe, although most of us are perfectly willing that he should do the fathering and baby-holding quite unaided

But after all what is nicer than a nice, clean, rosy little baby with blue eyes and golden hair and a bubbling laugh and clutchy little hands—unless it's a kitten or a puppy? The latter are more responsive and intelligent, but your baby isn't to be sneezed at by any means. Still there's no excuse for the cracker crumb kind of infant as long as handkerchiefs are so cheap and mothers have hands.

Have you ever noticed the passenger who takes every one into his confidence? There was one who got on the cars the other day at Schenectady and when we reached Utica he said, so loudly that every one in the car could hear: "I guess I'll get out and stretch my legs

I don't know whether he expected some one else to offer to stretch his legs for him or just what his motive was. For the matter of that, there wasn't a leg in the car that didn't need stretching, but there was no one else in the car who gave voice to his desires

When he came back a baldheaded old man in the front seat—how natural that sounds, by the way—said, "Well, did you stretch 'em?"

Everybody in the car knew what he meant excepting the communicative man, and he said in a mystified tone, "Stretch what?"

"Your legs," said the baldheaded man

"Oh, yeah," laughed the other, "I stretched 'em, and I had a cup of coffee that went to the right spot. My doctor says that I ought to stop drinking coffee and take one of the substitutes, but I'd rather live while I live than make believe live with all these infernal substitutes for food and drink. Next thing they'll be giving us artificial sleep" Every one in the car heard him and he knew it, but it seemed to come natural to him to take all into his confidence, and not a soul resented it.

Along about the time that we came to Rochester and every one had forgotten all about him, for he had been reading a Utica paper and keeping quiet, he suddenly slapped his leg and said, "Jerupiter! If I didn't come away without a change of linen!" Then he went on reading, but he had added to the gayety of the car. We didn't know which to admire more—his frankness or his patent ejaculation. It is respectfully offered to the laborious gentlemen who are collecting artificial swear-words. Jerupiter—seems to be a portmanteau word.

Just as we were coming into Buffalo our friend broke silence once more with another confidence addressed to no one in particular, but addressed with unusual distinctness: "If we were half an hour earlier I believe I'd go to see some play, but this getting to a play late isn't what it's cracked up to be. I'm sure I don't know what I'll do with myself till bedtime."

I hope that there were no bunco-steerers on the train, because I think that they would have done something with the old gentleman after such an exhibition of naiveté.

I was sorry he left us at Buffalo and I've often wondered whether he always took people into his confidence wherever he was I couldn't quite make up my mind whether his confiding way came from an arrogant superiority to the common herd or a childlike simplicity. He looked like a keen business man, but it isn't the habit of keen business men to say, as he did when he left the car:

"Well, good folks, I wish you were all going to stop off here if you hate traveling as much as I do. Good night."

To the credit of human nature every man in the car and at least half the women said "Good night" in return, and there was no touch of mockery in it. I guess he was genuine or they wouldn't have answered him

Did you ever get into a sleeper at a way station, a sleeper that was not due to leave for an hour or two? Well, did it make you angry? If you've been there you know what happened. They waited until you were undressed and anticipating two hours of blissful repose before the train started and then the fun began.

Luckily I had my head on the pillow or it would have been knocked off my shoulders The car was bumped by a locomotive and set rolling about fifty feet, and then the engine tugged it in the opposite direction. Well, as soon as I saw what the game was I just sandwiched my head between two pillows and defied 'em to do their worst. And they did it. They waltzed that car all over the yard I'p this siding and down the other and bump into this car and bunk into another until the engineer tired of the sport

But he *couldn't* get me angry. I got so that I knew which way he was going to lunge and I'd lunge the other way and so neutralize the shock, and I believed I slept the better when sleep did come for the rough and tumble horse-play—or rather locomotive play—of that engine-driver. I suppose some hot headed, choleric old fellows rush out in their pajamas and address words to him, and he is tickled to death, for that's what he's after; but I never turned a hair although I nearly turned a somersault several times before he quieted down.

Did you know that that rustling that wakes you up in the morning about two hours before you've reached your destination is deliberate? Well, I'm told it is. I used to suppose that a porter happened through the car and that his portly or porterish form accidentally brushed the heavy curtains and produced the *frou-frou* that acts like an alarm clock, but I am reliably informed that the porter walks back and forth on purpose to waken every one betimes, as he wants to get the beds all made up good and early. Of course, now that you know it is done with *malice prépensé*, you can give your subconsciousness a pointer and sleep serene through it all. But if you dare to sleep too long, a hand, a dusky hand, will come and clutch your ankle, and that will waken you, I'm sure

When I was setting out on this journey I crossed the Hudson River by one of the numerous ferries, and half-way over there was a great commotion in the cabin. People ran to the windows and peered with wide eyeballs at something that was happening in the river.

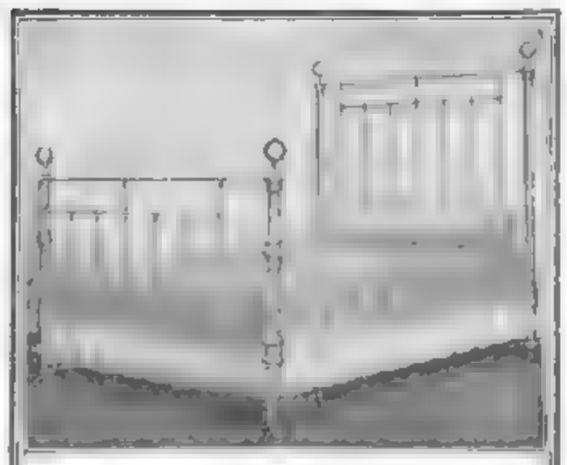
It proved to be a sailboat that had upset and dumped its four occupants into the icy water

When it happened we were so near that we could have almost thrown a life line to them but for some reason our boat did not stop; probably because a more serviceable and manageable tug was seen approaching.

The excitement on our boat was at first quite intense. Several women wore very white faces and one or two hands worked convulsively: for those people in the water were in danger of their lives. They grabbed the slippery keel with numbing fingers and their faces showed abject fear. They were plainly not watermen.

As help came nearer and nearer we steamed farther and farther, and at last we were so far from them that it was only the keenest-eyed among us who were able to say positively that now one and now another was being rescued

If we had kept close by I think there is no doubt that the rescue of each man in turn would have been greeted with a cheer, but as soon as they became pin-pricks on our vision our sympathy became as small as pin-pricks, and when by the sudden chuffing of the tug



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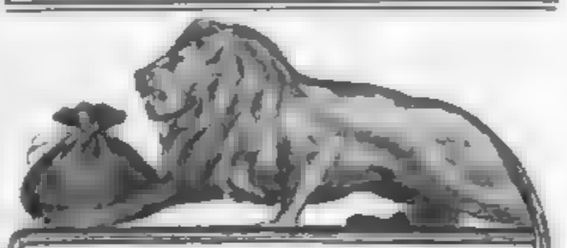

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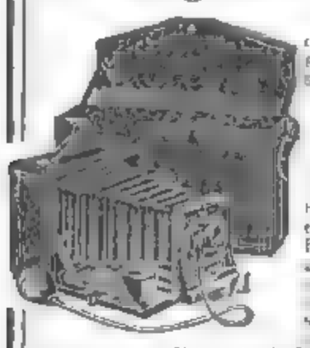

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we knew that all had been saved our passengers calmly walked back into the cabin and took up their papers or their conversation where they had left off.

Now if that scene had taken place on a novel what a wild huzzaing there would have been, and how some of the women would have fainted and the hero would have plunged into the water with his overcoat on and would have rescued each man in turn with wild cries from his friends on the ferry-boat. But the real thing brought not a suggestion of heroics. Of course the people on the tug may have strained each man to their hearts when he came up the side, over the side, but I fancy that as a matter of fact the captain used genuine swear-words for having had to interrupt his work to rescue four drifters who ought never to have been trusted with a boat in such crowded waters.

But I must say that I was disappointed. I was getting my fingers ready to pull off my hat and wave it, and I was inflating my lungs to cheer, because I do like an honest bit of sentiment either on the stage or—on a ferry-boat, but those people were so taken off actual danger the rescue and they had not heart and imagination enough to wax enthusiastic over anything that they could see.

Johnny's cut finger before your eyes is a far worse affair than the engulfing of a whole population in the Indian Ocean, and it is well it is so or our tears would give us no time for laughter.

What a pity it is that we do not know the histories of the people we pass. It would save the reading of books and thus save the printing of them, and that would give the printers lots more time with their families. So it would be a good arrangement all round. Because there is no telling about any great load of passengers that does not contain more than one person whose life history would push the very latest best-book-of-the-century for interest.

We'll call the place Perry, Illinois. Anyway, it was the name of a naval hero. When our train stopped there I hopped off to stretch my legs. Like the great ones for Buffalo, a man came up and offered me buttered popcorn at five cents the package.

Beyond the fact that he was rather well dressed I could not notice anything unusual in him, and I bought a package and came back to eat it and promptly forgot what manner of man he was.

But in a few minutes the brakeman, who had also bought a bag of the engrossing stuff, came into the smoking compartment and said, "Notice that fellow who sold you the popcorn?"

"Not particularly," I said.

Well, last year he was one of the engineers on this road, but he had his head hurt in an accident and lost his job, and now he's suing the company for $15,000. For ten years he's been drawing his $200 a month, and now the poor chap is peddling popcorn."

I wished then that the train would back down a few miles and let me have another look at this man who had slipped so readily from the sublime to the ridiculous. His popcorn took on a new relish.

Pop goes the engine and suggests a new form of livelihood to the honest engineer. May he win his suit.

A Double Blunder

THERE are persons in every community who in the social circle have an astonishing talent for saying and doing the wrong thing. One of these unfortunate gentlemen, at a reception in London, once said to Lord North, "Who is that uncommonly ugly lady opposite to you?" "That uncommonly ugly lady, sir, is my wife." "No, my lord," said the querist, "I mean the one at her right." "That, sir, is my daughter."

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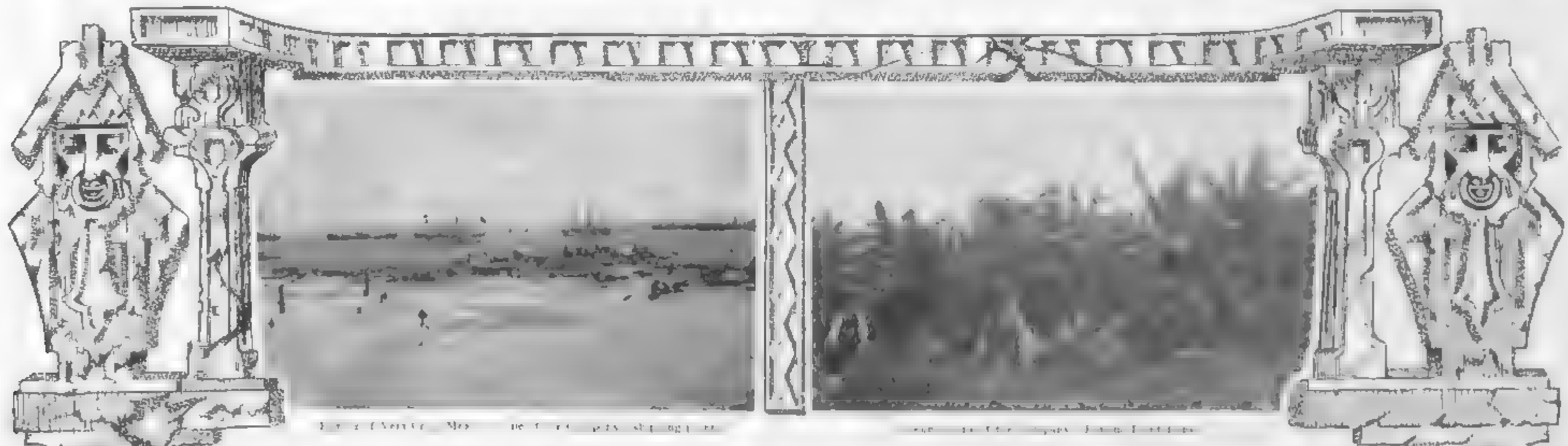

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The [illegible] Company [illegible] denominations of $5 each. You can invest in one of two ways, on the monthly payment plan or for cash. If you can afford to pay $5 per month for any luxury you are now enjoying, you can afford to buy one of these bonds. Let us tell you how.

Suppose you subscribe for one bond on the monthly payment plan. For each $5 you put in you receive a NOTE bearing 6 per cent interest, which is secured by a first mortgage given to the International Trust Company, of Boston, by the Consolidated Ubero Plantations Company on all the assets of the company, real and personal, including developed properties, pineapple canneries, starch mills, bank, warehouses, tin-can factories, general store, merchandise, live stock, machinery, buildings etc., *amounting to*

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With a directorate composed of men of integrity and unquestioned ability; with an advisory board composed of twenty-one representative business men, with an honest, experienced and competent management and with the probability of your money being returned to you in ten years through dividends and interest, can you fail to appreciate the advantage of this offer?

The only thing we ask of you is that you give this proposition a careful and thorough investigation. Ask us to send you our illustrated booklet entitled "*Six Per Cent. First Mortgage Sinking Fund Gold Bonds.*" It is plain, convincing and interesting. Address all correspondence and make all remittances payable to

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One of the most popular fabrics this season is our V 168, Fancy Scotch Mixed Unfinished Worsted. The ground is a mixture of dark brown and gray with broken stripes of gray about ¼ inch apart, and an overplaid of green and brown barely discernible blending nicely [illegible] pattern of a dark effect for genteel business or semi-dress. We will save you more than a third on a suit of this material. Order V 168, state style sack [illegible] frock suit

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And specialists who make advertising a profession are becoming more and more in demand. Business men who are investing their money in advertising must have the services of professional advertising men who will see that their money is well spent, and they must pay well for such services, either in salaries or in fees.

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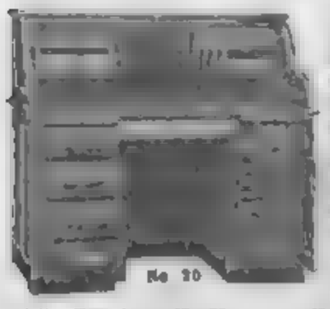

No 20

[illegible] polished [illegible] quartered oak front, [illegible] up panels and writing bed [illegible] double deck top, [illegible] hang over front [illegible] card index drawer with cards [illegible] Sent to any responsible person on approval. Ask for catalogue with factory prices

Office Furniture No 67 Typewriters, all makes, "F" [illegible] House Furnishings

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EVANS, WILLEVS & CO., Washington, D. C.

THE PIT

(Continued from Page 11)

The eddies were gathering; the thousands of subsidiary torrents that fed the cloaca were moving. From all over the immediate neighborhood they came, from the offices of hundreds of commission houses, from brokers' offices, from banks, from the tall, gray buildings of La Salle Street, from the street itself. And even from greater distances they came, auxiliary currents set in from all the reach of the Great Northwest—from Minneapolis, Duluth and Milwaukee. From the Southwest, St. Louis, Omaha and Kansas City contributed to the volume. On the Atlantic seaboard, New York and Boston and Philadelphia sent out their tributary streams; London, Liverpool, Paris and Odessa merged their influences with the vast world wide flowing that bore down upon Chicago, and that now began slowly, slowly to centre and circle about the Wheat Pit of the Board of Trade.

Small wonder that the building to Page's ears vibrated to a strange and ominous humming. She heard it in the distant clicking of telegraph keys, in the echo of hurried whispered conversation held in dark corners, in the voice of rapid footsteps, in the trilling of [illegible] bells. These sounds came from all around her, they issued from the offices of the building below her, above her and on either side. She was surrounded with them, and they mingled together to form one prolonged and muffled roar, that from moment to moment increased in volume.

The Pit was getting under way, the whirlpool was forming, and the sound of its courses was like the sound of the ocean in storm, heard at a distance.

Page and Landry were still half way up the last stairway. Above and below the throng was packed dense and immobilized. But, little by little, Landry wormed a way for them, winning one step at a time. But he was terribly anxious; again and again he looked at his watch. At last he said:

"I've got to go. It's just madness for me to stay another minute. I'll give you my card."

"Well, leave me here," Page urged. "It can't be helped. I'm all right. Give me your card. I'll tell the guide in the gallery that you kept the seat for me—if I ever can get there. You must go. Don't stay another minute. If you can, come for me here in the gallery when it's over. I'll wait for you. But if you can't come, all right. I can take care of myself."

He could but assent to this. This was no time to think of small things. He left her and bore back with all his might through the crowd, gained the landing at the turn of the balustrade, waved his hat to her and disappeared.

A quarter of an hour went by. Page, caught in the crowd, could neither advance nor retreat. Ahead of her, some twenty steps away, she could see the back rows of seats in the gallery. But they were already occupied. It seemed hopeless to expect to see anything of the floor that day. But she could no longer extricate herself from the press; there was nothing to do but stay where she was.

On every side of her she caught odds and ends of dialogues and scraps of discussions, and while she waited she found an interest in listening to these as they reached her from time to time.

"Well," observed the man in the tall white hat, who had discouraged Landry from attempting to reach the gallery—"Well, he's shaken 'em up pretty well. Whether he downs 'em or they down him he's made a good fight."

His companion, a young man with eyeglasses, who wore a wonderful white waistcoat with queer glass buttons, assented, and Page heard him add:

"You know what they say Calvin Crookes has done? They say he's been going round to every one of his friends and telling 'em to sell wheat to Jadwin. Crookes says to them he knows Jadwin is going to bust, [illegible] just to show he knows what he's talking about, he lets each of his friends have his check for twenty-five thousand, provided they'll sell July wheat. If they win, of course they're all right, and if they lose their twenty-five thousand, why, they've got Crookes' money to reimburse them."

Jadwin's name was upon every lip. On all sides Page heard it:

"Big operator, that Jadwin."

"They're doing for him now, though."

"I ain't so sure. He's got another fight on [illegible]."

"He'll pull through."

"Well, I hope so—by Jingo! I hope so. Say, by the way, how did you come out?"

The MAN and the HOUR meet by the time of an

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ELGIN, ILLINOIS

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My old Aunt Sophia says most of these girls are in a fix. If they don't use rouge they're pale, if they do use it they're beyond the pale. And so there they are. Well anyway lots of famous beauties didn't have a mite of color and what's the difference so long's they had a nice clear complexion. Any girl can have that if she uses BORAX.

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"Me! Ho! Say, my boy, the next time I get into a wheat trade you'll know it. I was one of the merry paretics who believed that Crookes was the Great Lumtum. I tailed on to his clique. Lord love you! Jadwin put the knife into me to the tune of twelve thousand dollars. But say, look here, aren't we ever going to get up to that blamed gallery? We ain't going to see any of this, and I —hark! —there goes the gong. They've begun. Say, say, hear 'em, will you! Holy Moses—say —listen to that! Did you ever hear—*Lord!* I wish we could see—could get somewhere where we could see something."

His friend turned to him and spoke a sentence that was drowned in the sudden vast volume of sound that all at once shook the building.

"Hey—what?"

The other shouted into his ear. But even then his friend could not hear. Nor did he listen. The crowd upon the staircases had surged irresistibly forward and upward. There was a sudden outburst of cries. Women's voices were raised in expostulation, and even fear.

"Oh, oh—don't push so!"

"My arm! oh!—oh, I shall faint; . . . please."

But the men, their escorts, held back furiously. Their faces purple, they shouted imprecations over their shoulders.

"Here, here, what you doing?"

"Don't crowd so!"

"Get back, back!"

"There's a lady fainted here. Get back you! We'll all have a chance to see. Ain't there a policeman anywheres?"

"Say, say! It's going down—the price. It broke three cents just then at the opening, they say."

"This is the worst I ever saw or heard of."

"If Jadwin can only hold 'em."

"You bet he'll hold 'em."

"Hold nothing!—oh, say, my friend, it don't do you any good to crowd like that."

"It's the people behind; I'm not doing it. Say, do you know where they're at on the floor? The wheat, I mean. Is it going up or down?"

"Up, they tell me. There was a rally; I don't know. How can we tell here? We —hi, there they go again. That must have been a smash. I guess the Board of Trade won't forget this day in a hurry. Heavens, you can't hear yourself think!"

"Glad I ain't down there in the Pit."

But at last a group of policemen appeared. By main strength they shouldered their way to the top of the stairs, and then began pushing the crowd back. At every instant they shouted:

"Move on now; clear the stairway. No seats left!"

But at this, Page, who by the rush of the crowd had been carried almost to the top of the stairs, managed to extricate an arm from the press and hold Landry's card in the air. She even hazarded a little prevarication:

"I have a pass. Will you let me through, please?"

Luckily one of the officers heard her. He bore down heavily with all the mass of his two hundred pounds, and the majesty of the law he represented, to the rescue and succor of this very pretty girl.

"Let the lady through," he roared, forcing a passage with both elbows. "Come right along, Miss. Stand back, you, now. Can't you see the lady has a pass? Now then, Miss, be quick; I can't keep 'em back forever."

Jostled and hustled, her dress crumpled, her hat awry, Page made her way forward, till the officer caught her by the arm and pulled her out of the press. With a long breath she gained the landing of the gallery.

The guide, an old fellow in a uniform of blue, with brass buttons and a visored cap, stood near by, and to him she presented Landry's card.

"Oh, yes; oh, yes," he shouted in her ear after he had glanced it over. "You are the party Mr. Court spoke about. You just came in time. I wouldn't 'a' dared hold your seat a minute longer."

He led her down the crowded aisle between rows of theatre chairs, all of which were occupied, to one vacant seat in the very front row.

"You can see everything now," he cried, making a trumpet of his palm. "You're Mister Jadwin's niece. I know, I know. Ah, it's a wild day, Miss. They ain't done much yet, and Mr. Jadwin's holding his own, just now. But I thought for a moment they had him on the run. You see—my, my, there was a sharp rally. But he's holding on yet."

Page took her seat, and leaning forward looked down into the Wheat Pit.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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GOLDEN FLEECE

(Continued from Page 7)

"I've noticed similarities," replied Frothingham tactfully.

"It's all imitation stuff—the labels are frauds. We over here don't know how to be gracefully idle and inane, as your upper classes do. It's not in us anywhere. We haven't the tradition—our tradition is all against it. Whenever we do produce a thoroughly idle and inane person, he or she goes abroad to live or else loses all his money to some sharp, pushing fellow, and drops out of sight. All this aristocracy you see is pure pose. Underneath, they're Americans."

"What is an American?" asked Frothingham. "Every time I think I've seen one, along comes some native and tells me I'm wrong. Are you an American?"

"Underneath—yes. On the surface—no. I used to be, but now I'm posing with the rest of 'em. You'll have to get out of New York to see Americans. There are droves of 'em here, but they're so scattered in places you'll never go to that you couldn't find them. You'd better go West if you wish to be sure of seeing the real thing."

"It's very confusing. How shall I know this American when I see him?"

"When you see a man or a woman who looks as if he or she could do something honest and valuable, who looks you straight in the eyes, and makes you feel proud that you're a human being and ashamed that you are not a broader, better, honester one—that's an American." And then he smiled with his eyes so queerly that Frothingham could not decide whether or not he was jesting.

At the club Wallingford introduced him into a large circle of young men, seated round two tables pushed together and covered with "high balls" and bottles of carbonated water and silver bowls of cracked ice. He said little, drank his whisky and water and listened. "It's the talk of stock-brokers and tradesmen," he said to himself. "Yet these fellows are certainly gentlemen, and they don't talk business in the least like our middle-class people. It's very confusing."

After he left the others were most friendly and even admiring in their comments upon him.

"He's monotonous, and poor, and will never have anything unless he marries it," said Wallingford. "If he were a plain, poor, incapable, rather dull American, is there one of us that would waste five minutes on him?"

There was silence, then a laugh.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Thirsty Sapsucker

DOCTORS Beal and Judd, of the Department of Agriculture, have been studying woodpeckers with results valuable to farmers. Six varieties of these birds came under detailed inspection. Five of them were found to be undeserving of the maledictions that have been hurled at the woodpecker family.

But the damage wrought by the sixth is so great that the virtues of the other birds of his feather have been ignored.

This offending bird is the yellow-bellied sapsucker *(sphyrapicus varius)*, of which Maurice Thompson sang:

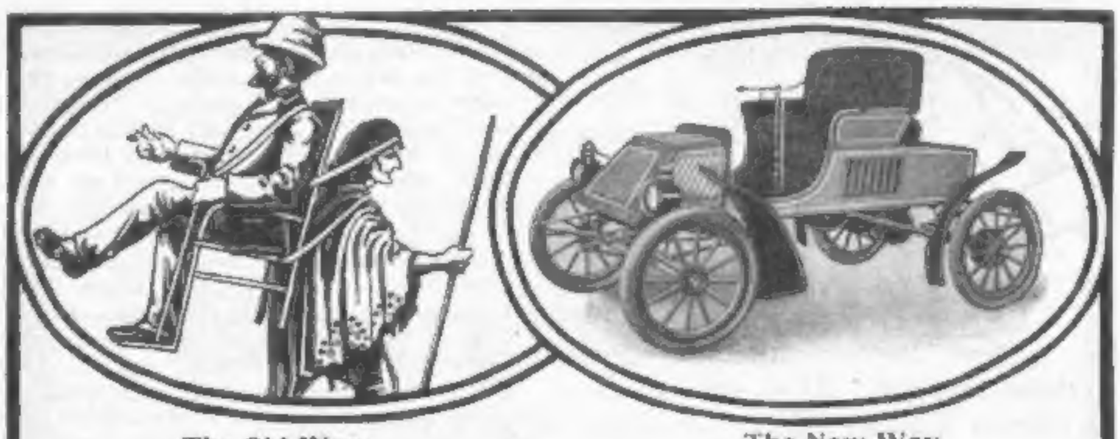
> I heard the sapsucker sing;
> I turned and looked out of the window,
> And lo! it was spring.

No tribute of verse can atone for its depredations. The Washington scientists have been making observations from year to year of the assaults of sapsuckers upon an apple orchard near Mount Vernon. During a period of three hours one bird took thirty drinks of sap; another forty-one.

The result of such a drain upon the vitality of the apple trees is that most of them are dying. A strip of bark seven inches long and two inches wide torn from a dead tree disclosed eighty-four sapsucker drills, an average of six to the square inch.

Even if the thirst of these birds for fruit-tree sap was not in itself sufficient to destroy orchards, the openings they make for flat-headed apple-borers and other beetles would fully warrant all the denunciation heaped by farmers upon this variety of woodpeckers.

It was hoped by the ornithologists that the sapsuckers engaged on apple-tree trunks would soften suspicion by feeding on ants and other insects running over the bark. During all the time these birds were under inspection, however, only one seized an ant. Another snapped once at a beetle.



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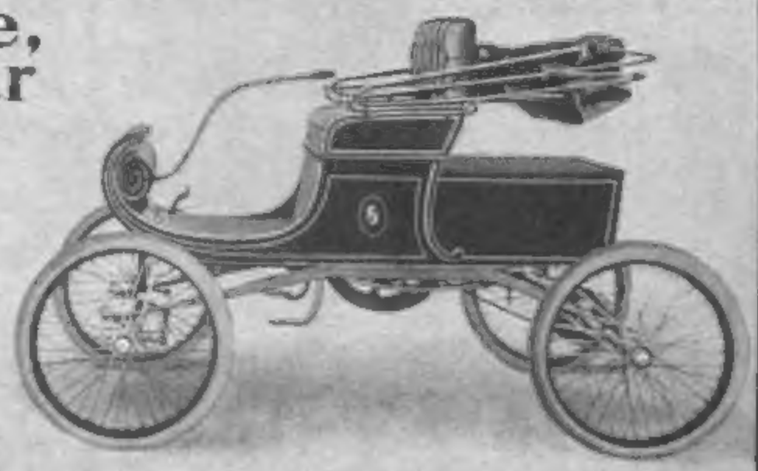

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